Anti-Slavery Standard Vol. 11-12

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. Without Concealment—Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

VOL. XII. NO. 19. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1851. WHOLE NO. 591.

Published weekly, on Thursday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 Nassau street, New-York. Terms, Two Dollars per annum. Printed for the American Anti-Slavery Society, by Norris & brother, printers.

Selections.

We copied, it will be remembered, several weeks since, an article from the *London Advertiser*, in which, while full justice was done to the Anti-Slavery movement in this country, and to some of those to whom its management had been entrusted, certain unfounded charges were brought against Mr. Garrison alone. To a rejoinder of Mr. Garrison to this, the *Advertiser* has replied, reiterating the charges, and referring for evidence of their truth to a speech made by him in London, in '46. For the speech itself, which is re-published in the last *Liberator*, we have no room, but it is very probable that the report was imperfect, and that the editor of the *Advertiser*, Mr. Grant, trusting to that, rather than to his memory, has apprehended certain expressions as hostile to Christianity, and not merely, as they were intended to be, expressions of contempt and loathing of the pro-slavery religion of this country, miscalled Christianity. Mr. Garrison's admirable reply to the last article of the *Advertiser* is below, and we copy it not for any personal interest that may attach to it merely, but as a very clear and forcible exposition of the principles of toleration on which the Anti-Slavery Cause is based, and by which those who now represent it, in this country, have been uniformly governed in all the conflicts with false brethren through which they have passed. Our best wish for the cause is that they may never be forgotten, and that its advocates may never forget to give that toleration to others which, in earlier days, they demanded for themselves.

INFIDELITY—DIVINE REVELATION.

To the Editor of the London Morning Advertiser.

Dear Sir—Your replication of August 20th fills me with surprise. The conviction, that you are not animated by an unfriendly spirit, and that you take a deep interest in the Anti-Slavery Cause on this side of the Atlantic alone prompts me again to refer to the charges which you have brought against me; charges which I have explicitly declared to be at variance with the truth, but which, notwithstanding my denial, you reiterate, with some additional counts.

Your first impeachment of my course was in the following language:—'What we complain of and lament in Mr. Garrison is, that, in the advocacy of the holy enterprise in which he has embarked with his whole heart and soul, he should, *on so many occasions, gratuitously obtrude his peculiar views on religious subjects.* Why cannot he, *in his capacity of an Anti-Slavery advocate*, put his theological views in abeyance.'

To this I pleaded not guilty. I went still further:—I declared—'No man has been—no man could have been—more scrupulous than I have felt against mixing up extraneous matters with the Anti-Slavery movement.' My final affirmation was—'As for putting my theological notions in abeyance, in my capacity as an Anti-Slavery advocate, *having always done so, I have nothing to alter in this respect*.'

On you, therefore, I threw the *onus probandi*. The *Morning Advertiser* of the 20th ultimo brings me your reply. How do you meet my clear and explicit denial?

First, by modifying your original complaint, that I should, '*on so many occasions*,' gratuitously obtrude my peculiar religious views. Now the form of your indictment reads—'We took occasion to express our regret that he *sometimes* went out of his way, when on the Anti-Slavery platform, to advocate, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, to *enunciate* theological views *at variance with divine revelation*.'

The difference is that which exists between what is habitual and what is incidental. But the gravity of the charge is substantially the same. It implies not only a lack of sound discretion, but a deliberate violation of good faith, a sacrifice of personal integrity, a wanton attack upon the religious opinions of others, while professing to 'remember those in bonds as bound with them,' and advocating the union of men of every sect and party for the abolition of Slavery!

My dear sir, taking this view of my course, how can you bestow such warm encomiums upon me, even as an Abolitionist? If, on the Anti-Slavery platform, I—'on so many occasions,' or 'sometimes'—'gratuitously' go out of my way to obtrude my peculiar religious views, views 'at variance with divine revelation,' on an assembly convened to hear the cause of the slave vindicated, how can you place any confidence in my integrity, or cherish for me the slightest respect? For, surely, it is not an error of judgment that you deplore. 'Gratuitously' to do a censurable act, and to do it 'on so many occasions' as to compel 'many of the most earnest and sincere friends of the cause to withdraw themselves from the Anti-Slavery Cause,' is to evince a most dishonourable purpose, and a reckless and disorganizing spirit.

Here let me be understood. I do not mean to say, that, in pleading for the slave, I have never come into conflict with the religious opinions of any who have listened to me, or given a shock to their organ of veneration. This has been unavoidable—not 'gratuitously' but necessarily done—for the slave's sake. Nor do I mean to say, that, in illustrating my Anti-Slavery views, no critical eye has ever been able to detect a 'peculiar' theological tinge. Every man after his own method, and in his own style. This furnishes no just ground for 'complaint' or 'regret.' On the Anti-Slavery platform, if men of every variety of religious opinion are to be found, agreeing only in the paramount claims of the slave to his immediate and unconditional emancipation, it is to be expected that every one will speak in his own dialect, and utter his own shibboleth. Thus, a Trinitarian may allude to the Trinity—a Unitarian speak of the unity of God—a Calvinist enforce the guilt of slaveholders by the terrours of eternal damnation—a Universalist or Restorationist hint at the ultimate triumph of infinite love over all iniquity—a Presbyterian speak reverently of the pulpit—a Quaker allude to the importance of being guided by the inward light—a Baptist indicate his belief in immersion as the true outward baptism—a believer in the holiness of the first day of the week refer to it as the Christian Sabbath—an Infidel intimate his dissent from the popular religious sentiments of the day—a military man argue and illustrate in a military vein—a peace man avow that he has no faith in the use of carnal weapons—and so on to the end of the category; and no one has a right to raise an outcry, or run from the platform, on that account. So long as such manifestations are natural, incidental, with no proselyting intention, subordinate to the great object of redeeming the slave,—even though they are made on the Anti-Slavery platform,—who, that is truly baptised into the spirit of abolitionism, will enter his protest against them? That I have exceeded this limit intentionally or consciously, I deny.

Most heartily, dear sir, do I adopt your catholic declaration:—'In a cause so great, so sacred, so divine,—one in which the happiness here and hereafter, of millions of human beings is so deeply involved, we are prepared to merge all other considerations, and feel, for the time, as if we had no other mission on earth to fulfil. But what obligation does this impose on you, or me, or any other occupant of the platform? To make no allusion, or do no act, religiously, which shall be regarded as heretical or erroneous by any of the company? The absurdity of such a conclusion is manifest. Is the Infidel to be justified in withdrawing, because the Bible is read and referred to as the Word of God—a divine revelation? Is the Baptist to run away, because he hears the Infidel speak of the Bible of Nature as far more sure and reliable than any parchment? Is the Catholic to lift his heel, because the Quaker exalts the inward light above every outward standard of truth and duty? Is the Quaker to stand aloof, because the Presbyterian refers to the clerical order as divinely instituted? Is the Unitarian to desert, because he has heard the doctrine of the atonement, the trinity, or total depravity, assumed as true and vital, in the course of the Anti-Slavery discussions? If so, where is the possibility of general co-operation? If not, the head and front of my offending hath that extent—no more.' Why, then, am I singled out for censure or expostulation?

It is readily conceded by me, that great care should be taken to keep in abeyance, as far as is consistent with a free and manly spirit, religious peculiarities; but, I repeat it, unless these are offensively urged, and evidently with a design to make the Anti-Slavery Cause the medium of their promulgation, no imputations should be thrown, no clamour raised, no offence taken, at their appearance. Incidentally, according to the peculiar theological bias of the mind, they are unavoidable.

For myself, I am no partisan, no sectarian. The test of character and condition which Jesus has laid down, is to me all-sufficient—'By their fruits shall ye know them.' My adherence to the Anti-Slavery platform has been steadfast and loyal. The man is not living who can truthfully declare that, in this great struggle for the overthrow of the most impious and God-defying power that ever wielded the rod of despotism, I have refused to stand by his side, because dissenting from his religious or political opinions. Many have fled from me, on this ground, and become personally malignant, and have resorted to the most dastardly expedients to destroy my usefulness in the cause of the perishing bondman. Their sectarianism has overmastered their humanity; the inalienable rights of man they regard as dust in the balance, in comparison with their cherished theological dogmas. Their requirement of me, as the condition of Anti-Slavery fellowship and co-operation, has been unequal, absurd, and tyrannical—nothing less than to have no mind or conscience of my own, on any subject but that of Slavery—at least, none differing from theirs! For themselves, individually, on their own responsibility, as Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, &c., &c., they claim the right (which I cordially concede) to promulgate their own sectarian views, and to make as many proselytes as possible. To me they concede no such liberty! If,—*representing no association, speaking as a man, in view of my accountability to God, apart from the Anti-Slavery platform*,—I venture to enunciate religious sentiments not in accordance with their own, they immediately attempt to create all possible odium against me *as an Abolitionist*, and actively inculcate the lying declaration, that such sentiments are part and parcel of what they invidiously term 'Garrisonian Abolitionism'! It was on this ground, and in this evil spirit, that the secession was made from the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1840, and opposition to that Society is still continued; though the Constitution of the Society remains as it was originally adopted, and makes no other condition for membership than this—'that immediate emancipation is the right of the slave and the duty of the master.' Thus, too have originated the senseless and hypocritical outcries against me as 'a Woman's Rights, Anti-Sabbath, No-Government man'—all for the express purpose of making me detestable as an Abolitionist!

My aim has been, from the beginning, to erect and uphold a platform, on which all those 'who despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood,' might rally, and 'mingle like kindred drops into one,' whatever their views on other subjects. Strangely enough, my dear sir, you accuse me of having been reckless of such unanimity of action, and quite as anxious to obtrude my heretical 'theological notions' on Anti-Slavery audiences, as to exhibit the cruelty and injustice of the slave system! And, what is still more strange, to sustain your accusation, you refer to a speech made by me at an Anti-Slavery meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in London, in 1846, at which you were an eye witness!

Your charge is without the slightest qualification—'On that occasion, Mr. Garrison did fiercely assail those institutions which Christians of *all* denominations hold, by common consent, to be an essential part of Christianity.' I will impute to you nothing worse than a bad memory, and very erroneous impressions. You accuse, but furnish no evidence. I deny the accuracy of your statement. The burden of proof still rests on you. Am I to be condemned on your recollection of a speech five years after its delivery? That speech was reported, more or less copiously, for several journals. The only report—it was, I believe, the fullest—I can now refer to, was that which was published in the London *Universe*, of August 21, 1846. There is not a sentence or syllable in it to justify your allegation. *The special object of that speech was to remove religious prejudices and conciliate all classes in England.* If what you say of it is true, then I must have been unfortunate and bewildered to the last degree! Is it credible—supposing me to have been of sound mind—that I should have seized the very first opportunity presented to address a public audience in the British metropolis, 'fiercely to assail those institutions which constitute an essential part of Christianity,' and thus to defeat the very object of my mission to England? My dear sir, you are certainly labouring under a serious misapprehension, and doing me great injustice—Was I not addressing a Christian assembly? Would they have tolerated, with no expression of disgust or indignation, such language as you impute to me on that occasion? Yet, was there any indication of disapprobation? Were not my remarks repeatedly cheered by that enlightened and religious auditory? If I did what you allege, why were you dumb at that meeting? The fraud, the outrage, the insult, to British intelligence and piety, demanded from you, if no other one would speak, an open and stern rebuke. Why were the religious journals silent about it?

I claim to be a Christian: why do you persist in representing me as an infidel; I am a lover of Christian institutions: why do you accuse me of seeking their overthrow? I have engaged in no reform, I have promulgated no doctrines, which I have not vindicated by an appeal to the Bible,—an appeal more frequently made than to all other books in the world besides: why do you insist that my religious views 'are not in harmony with divine revelation'? Is it a paramount regard for the triumph of the Anti-Slavery cause in Amrica, or a perverted sectarian vision, that has led to my arraignment before the British public as a heretic?

The institutions that I assailed—'fiercely assailed,' if you please—at the meeting alluded to, were exclusely slaveholding and Slavery sustaining institutions. Take the following extracts as a specimen:

> It is said that the Abolitionists are assailing the American church; it is true. It is said that they are assailing the American clergy in a body; it is true. It is said that they are assailing the Government under which they live; it is true. It is said that they are seeking the dissolution of the Union; it is true. Why do I say this? *Because the church is the stronghold of the system; because the clergy are active defenders of the system; because the government was originally so constructed that it gives its entire support to Slavery*, so long as the slaveholder shall desire it. * * *
> We found the political parties sanctioning Slavery. We found the religious bodies heeding not the cries and groans of the slave. Now, *we had either to denounce these bodies, or to give up the cause.* * * Slavery does not necessarily exist with, but in defiance of our republicanism. Never let the minions of tyranny confound republicanism and Slavery. It also exists *despite of Christianity. I want no Christianity mingled with the institutions of Slavery. I want Christianity such as Jesus practically exemplified*,—a Christianity which knows no colour or clime—which comprehends us all—which makes the world our country, and all mankind our countrymen.

Thus do I dispose of your first charge.

You next declare—"He ridiculed the institution of a Christian ministry, and, if our memory be not grievously at fault, attacked the institution of a Christian Sabbath; and in doing this, he employed phraseology *which no christian could hear without a shudder*." My dear sir, there can be no mistake here—your memory is 'grievously at fault.' I should add a stronger declaration, were it not that I believe your injustice is unintentional: nevertheless, that injustice is none the less enormous. How you can have any respect for me, (and your encomiums have been liberally bestowed,) while behaving in this manner, I do not understand. '*I* employed phraseology which no Christian could hear without a shudder'! *I* 'ridiculed the institution of a Christian ministry, and of a Christian Sabbath'! Monstrous accusations. To sustain them, you have yet to present the first particle of evidence. Many clergymen were present at the meeting. On the platform sat Dr. Oxley, Rev. Dr. Carlisle, of Hackney, Rev. Mr. Nelson, of Belfast, Rev. H. Solly, and others. Account for it as you can, they took no exception to what fell from my lips. How could they be thus recreant to their Lord and Master? Why were not my folly and baseness promptly exposed? I appeal to them all—to George Thompson, Henry Vincent, William Lovett, J. H. Parry—to the entire audience; what is safer than mere recollections or impressions. I appeal to the various printed reports of my speech—to testify to the injustice of your accusation.

It is true, the Rev. J. H. Hinton, at an early stage of the proceedings, took occasion to express his lack of unity with the meeting; but this was before the delivery of my speech, and had reference only to committing himself to the pledge contained in the following resolution, which was offered by James Haughton, Esq., of Dublin:

> 'That we extend the right hand of fellowship to William Lloyd Garrison, the undaunted and steadfast pioneer in the cause of universal emancipation; to Henry C. Wright, the unwearied advocate of the rights of humanity; and to Frederick Douglass, the self-emancipated bondman, and eloquent asserter of the claims of his brethren in chains; and do pledge ourselves to render all the aid in our power to these gentlemen, and their devoted coadjutors of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in the prosecution of their holy purposes for the extinction of American Slavery.'

The resolution was adopted by acclamation—only four persons in the immense assembly dissenting—the Rev. Mr. Hinton, an American slave driver named Collyer, (who said he had the care of six thousand slaves,) and two others, names unknown, probably Collyer's companions.

You are equally unfortunate, equally unjust, in your next assertion:—'One thing he said was, that the Christian's God was his devil.' Believing in the God of Christianity, how could I have made so revolting a declaration? On a careful perusal of my speech as reported in the *Universe*, (a report which I never revised,) I can find no such expression, nor anything upon which to base your charge. Surely, it was too shocking to be overlooked by the reporters, if it fell from my lips in the manner represented by you. That I may have said, in substance, that the God who, in America, is declared to sanction the impious system of Slavery—the annihilation of the marriage institution and the sacrifices of all human rights—is my ideal of the devil, is not improbable; but that is not what you represent me to have said. It may have evinced a lack of good taste, on my part; but strong contrasts are sometimes called for, even though sure to shock the fastidious or unreflecting. It was deemed in bad taste, doubtless, not to say libellous, when Isaiah abruptly addressed the Jewish rulers and nation as follows:—'Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom! Give ear to the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah!' With Luther, I will plead in self-defence—'If I have exceeded the bounds of moderation, the monstrous turpitude of the times has transported me.'

I now come to the subject of 'divine revelation.' You seem bent on proving me to be a heretic, either by implication, inference, or direct admission. The method you take to show that I am not 'a believer in divine revelation' is equally curious and illogical.

(1) 'Mr. Garrison does not deny that he rejects revelation.' May I not respectfully ask, what right have you to catechise me as to my religious faith? As an Abolitionist, I neither affirm nor deny any thing pertaining to revelation; for the Anti-Slavery platform is not the arena on which to debate such a question. Beyond this, you are travelling out of the record. Is it not highly inconsistent in you to leap from that platform, and insist on my giving you categorical answers to questions relating to my theological views as a private individual? Is it not to be guilty of as great a branch of decorum as it would be in an Anti-Slavery meeting to arraign a Presbyterian or Baptist for his religious tenets? 'Mr. Garrison, or any one else, has just as good a right to reject revelation as we have to receive it.' Certainly: what then is the difficulty? '*Our sole ground of controversy*,' you declare, 'is, that he should introduce his peculiar views on theological points—views at variance with divine revelation—*on the Anti-Slavery platform*.' You have yet to substantiate the accusation, and from it I cannot allow you to wander, in order to make a false issue. To your inquiry—'If he reverentially receives the Scriptures as a revelation of the mind and will of the Deity, why does he not say so at once?' I reply, first, that I do not choose to establish a precedent of this kind, either as a matter of self-respect, or by my regard for the Anti-Slavery cause; secondly, that the question of divine revelation, or plenary scriptural inspiration, is exceedingly broad, into the discussion of which I am not willing to be drawn at present, while so much remains to be done for the deliverance of those in bondage; and, thirdly, that an affirmative answer would give you no insight into my religious opinions or practices, not be any evidence of moral courage or true piety, because it would be on the popular side.

(2) 'Mr. Garrison further, by implication, shows that his views are not in consonance with divine revelation, by asking us what we mean by it.' What kind of reasoning is this? You evade a very pregnant question, and then claim to have made out a case—'by implication'! This may be proof of dexterity, but it is not sound logic.

(3) 'But he still more manifestly admits that he does not receive the Bible as a Book containing a divine revelation, when he says, that the man who professes to receive the claims of the Scripture to the character of an inspired book does not therefore know what is to be made of the book,' &c. This was the inquiry I made:

> 'Do you know, or can you intelligently surmise, what are the religious sentiments or practices, or what is the character or conduct of any man, because he professes to receive 'the claims of the Scriptures to the charater of an inspired book?' Do you know, can you imagine, what such a man will make of the book, or to what sect in religion or party in government he must belong? If not—*and certainly your answer must be in the negative*—then why attach such vital importance to that which really determines nothing?'

It seems to me that this inquiry is pertinent, sensible, and conclusive; and I feel constrained again to press it upon you, and to renew the closing interrogation, 'Why attach such vital importance to that which really determines nothing?' I would also renewedly ask, and solicit a direct reply—

> 'What is it that the Bible reveals, and who shall authoritatively decide that point? Is truth dependent upon the entire authenticity of any book? Are human duties, relations, responsibilities, to be ascertained by an appeal to Hebrew or Greek manuscripts—to ancient opinions, teachings, usages—or do they grow out of the nature of man, and pertain to the living present rather than to the dead past?'

(4) 'Mr. Garrison attends no place of Christian worship; and this, we hold, unless there be some peculiar circumstances in the case, to be presumptive proof that he does not recognize the authority of the Scriptures'!! My dear sir, this is quite unworthy of a man of candour. What has my attendance on public worship to do with the Anti-Slavery platform. On what ground do you presume to tell me how, when or where I shall engage in the worship of God? If you disclaim infallibility, why assume the robes? Who has certified to you, that I 'attend no place of Christian worship'? Is this *espionage* upon my private walk to be taken as additional proof of your concern for the welfare of the Anti-Slavery cause? If I ask you to define what Christian worship is, will you retort by saying that such a question proves I am an irreverent man? But the question is, nevertheless, a momentous one, covering much ground.—In the following Sonnet from my pen, published some time since, you have my views on this subject:

TRUE WORSHIP.

They, who, as worshippers, some mountain climb,
Or to some temple made with hands repair,
As though the Godhead specially dwelt there,
And absence, in Heaven's eye, would be a crime,
Have yet to comprehend this truth sublime:
The freeman of the Lord no chain can bear,
His soul is free to worship every where,
Nor limited to any place or time.
No worldly sanctuary now may claim
Man's reverence, as a consecrated pile;
Mosque, synagogue, cathedral, are the same,
Differing in nought but architectural style:
Avaunt, then, Superstition! in God's name,
Nor longer thy blind devotees beguile!

Whether I recognize or reject the authority of the Scriptures, in regard to public worship, let a few citations determine:—'Then verily the first covenant had also ordinances of divine service, and *a worldly sanctuary*.' . . . 'If that first covenant had been faultless, then should no place have been sought for the second.' . . . 'Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.' . . . . 'Howbeit, the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool: what house will ye build me? saith the Lord: or where is the place of my rest?'

Surrounded as I am by pro-Slavery churches and a pro-Slavery clergy, where would you have me attend public worship? There is one occupant of a pulpit in this city, Theodore Parker, who bears a bold and unfaltering testimony against Slavery and its abettors; but, religiously, he is branded as a heretic. If I listen to his ministration, will you recognise me as attending a place of Christian worship?' You perceive by this, that there are 'some very peculiar circumstances' in my case! Besides, you may learn from the *Liberator*, that I generally occupy the first day of the week in addressing the people, showing them their guilt, and imploring them to combine for the deliverance of the millions in this country whom they have so long held in the galling chains of Slavery. Is not this to worship God acceptably?

What my views of the True Church are, I long since embodied in the following lines. Is this the language of 'infidelity'?

THE TRUE CHURCH.

Church of the living God! in vain thy foes
Make thee, in impious mirth, their laughing-stock—
Contemn thy strength, thy radiant beauty mock:
In vain their threats, and impotent their blows,
Satan's assaults, Hell's agonizing throes!
For thou art built upon th' Eternal Rock,
Nor fear'st the thunder-storm, the earthquake shock,
And nothing shall disturb thy calm repose.
All human combinations change and die,
Whate'er their origin, name, form, design;
But, firmer than the pillars of the sky,
Thou standest ever by a power divine:
Thou art endued with Immortality,
And canst not perish—God's own life is thine!

In what sense, and to what extent, I am an 'Anti-Sabbath' heretic, you and your readers may learn by reading another Sonnet from my pen, long since given to the public:

THE TRUE REST.

O Thou, by whom eternal life is given,
Through Jesus Christ, thy well beloved Son,
As is thy will obeyed by all in heaven,
So let it now by all on earth be done!
Nor by th' observance of one day in seven,
As holy time, but of all days as one;
The soul set free—all legal fetters riven—
Vanished the law—the reign of grace begun!
Dear is the Christian Sabbath to my heart,
Bound by no forms—from times and seasons free;
The whole of life absorbing, not a part;
Perpetual rest and perfect liberty!
Who keeps not this steers by a Jewish chart,
And sails in peril on a storm-tossed sea.

Is this to depress or to elevate the standard of personal consecration to righteousness? Is it infidelity'? Is it not substantially the same view of the Sabbath as was taken by Tyndale, Calvin, Luther, Melancthon, Whitby, Paley, Belsham, Priestly, Roger Williams, George Fox and Robert Barclay, and by the present eminent Archbishop Whately of Dublin? But what has this to do with the Anti-Slavery platform or the Anti-Slavery movement? Nothing! It is an extraneous question. I admit it!

Believe me, dear sir, that I cherish no sentiments which I am ashamed to avow; which I do not believe to be true; which I am not prepared to vindicate as in accordance with the spirit and precepts of the gospel. But I have no desire to engage in a barren theological controversy, especially in a crisis like the present. Technically, I think very little of the Christian name or profession at the present day: it has long since ceased to be odious, it has become respectable and popular. Eighteen hundred years ago, it was a badge of infamy, and decisive evidence of heresy, and cost those who assumed it reputation, ease, wealth, personal safety, and life itself. Then it was a test of character; now it is a fashionable appendage. The calumnious charge of infidelity gives me no concern, except as it operates injuriously to the cause of the slave, as his enemies well know; otherwise, I should never pause to notice it. Whatever else I may be, I am neither a slaveholder nor his apologist, but

Yours, for universal liberty, peace, and righteousness,

William Lloyd Garrison.

ANOTHER BID FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

LETTER OF MR. J. K. PAULDING, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY UNDER VAN BUREN.

Hyde Park, Dutchess county, N. Y., September 6, 1851.

Gentlemen:—Your letter, directed to me at New York, conveying an invitation to address a meeting of the citizens of Charleston district, to be held in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 17th instant, has just reached me at this place, where I now reside.

For the compliment thus tendered, and the language in which it is conveyed, I beg you to accept my acknowledgments, accompanied by regrets that I cannot comply with your wishes. Distance and space, the burden of years I should bear with me, and, more than all, my incapacity for public speaking, compel me to decline a task for which I am totally unfitted. What I have to say I therefore hope you will permit me to address to you through a medium to which I am more accustomed.

As it appears from the tenor of your letter that you are already sufficiently aware of the opinion I entertain with respect to what is whimsically called the compromise, I will only trouble you with a brief recapitulation. In my views it was a gross and palpable violation of that great fundamental principle of State equality which pervades every provision of the constitution, and forms the basis of this confederation; a most unjustifiable attack on the rights, interests, safety, and happiness of one half of the States composing it, accompanied by insult and obloquy: a pretended concession, wrested by mere force of numbers from a minority; and that in its consequences it will prove more fatal to the repose, prosperity, and happiness, if not the very existence, of the Union, than any measures that may be resorted to in attempting to obtain redress for the past or security for the future.

Such being my view of the subject, I am, and always have been, of opinion that the stand originally taken by South Carolina, and most of the Southern States, in opposition to the principles embodied in that series of measures, was not only justifiable, but demanded by a proper regard for their rights and their honour; and that an abandonment of the position they then assumed, and an acquiescence in measures they repeatedly declared they would resist, "at all hazards, and to the last extremity," unless accompanied by a frank acknowledgment of having been wrong in the first instance, would, in the language of the printed resolutions appended to your letter, be "what they could not submit to without dishonour." If such an abandonment of all previous pledges and declarations were the result of a subsequent conviction of having already erred in making them, it would be honourable and magnanimous. But such appears not to be the case; since even the advocates of acquiescence still continue to assert the principles on which these pledges and declarations were based, as well as the wrongs which first called them forth.

The association is, I believe, right in its second resolution, declaring its belief that the co-operation of any of the Southern States with South Carolina, either in resistance or secession, is at least improbable, so long as the influence and patronage of the general government are arrayed against State rights. Nor do I see any reason for believing that any probable change of administration will produce a change of measures; since, as you will perceive from their repeated declarations, all parties in the North unite in denouncing Slavery, and maintaining the constitutional rights of Congress, as well as its inflexible duty, to prohibit its extension to any State that may hereafter be admitted into the Union. From all present appearances, the principles embodied in the compromise will continue to be the basis of the future policy of the government. It seems also probable that the States which have submitted to past, will be equally quiescent under future wrongs.

Having thus briefly stated my views with regard to your first and second, I will now revert to your last and most important resolution, namely: "That, failing in a reasonable time to obtain the co-operation of other Southern States, South Carolina should alone withdraw from the Union."

It seems rather late in the day to be called on to combat the old exploded doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, the assertion of which cost one monarch his head, and sent another into perpetual exile. Yet, as that doctrine has lately been received by some of the highest names of the republic, it calls for a passing notice in connection with the subject of this letter. It seems strange, too, that this long-buried monster, which received its death-wounds in the two revolutions of England and America, should have been dug up and resuscitated by distinguished democratic republican statesmen. From all but the darkest regions of the civilzed world, this portentous phantom has been banished, as it would appear, only to find refuge in that which professes to be the most free and enlightened. There is not a European writer, or statesman, or theologist, of any established reputation, that would now venture to proclaim the slavish principles which have been asserted by republican leaders in the halls of a Congress of republican States.

A thorough discussion of this doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance on the part of equal members of a confederation of States would require more space than is proper for me to occupy, and more time than you can spare on this occasion, nor do I deem it necessary. The right of resistance by force, as respects States and communities, is only an extension of the individual right of self-defence, which is a law of nature antecedent and paramount to all laws and all constitutions, which cannot be alienated or surrendered by the adoption of any system of social organization. This doctrine is established beyond controversy by the unanswered and unanswerable arguments of Sidney and Locke, by the assent of all the great ancient as well as modern authorities on the law of nature and nations; and if such were not the case, it has always been, and always will be acted upon when the occasion arises, in opposition to all authorities. It is true that none of the writers who assert or concede the right of resistance have attempted to define the precise line, where resistance becomes justifiable, because it is not susceptible of definition. It is a matter of feeling, and can neither be analyzed or defined.

An eminent American statesman, high in office, and a candidate for still higher honours, whose opinions I wish to treat with all due respect, has lately attempted to establish a broad distinction between revolution and secession; in other words, the right to resist, and the right of retiring out of reach of the necessity of resorting to resistance. His position, if I rightly comprehend him, is, that though a people or State may have a right to resist by force in certain contingencies, they have none to retire peaceably beyond the reach of injury and oppression. It seems they have no alternative; they must either peaceably submit or forcibly resist, for they cannot get out of the way. It follows that all radical changes in the political relations of a State with a confederation of States must necessarily be brought about by violence and bloody contentions. Those who cannot live together in peace must not part in peace; they must resort to the right of the strongest, and fight it out.

Thus the extermination of a portion of our fellow creatures, perhaps our countrymen, is an indispensable preliminary to all great political changes; and hecatombs must be offered up on the altar of Liberty before she can become a legitimate goddess. The establishment of this principle, conceding the right of revolution, and denying that of secession, would, in its application to the case now under consideration, leave no resource to any member of this confederation, under the most intolerable oppression, but civil war, with all its aggravations. It leaves open no appeal to the great tribunal of reason, justice and humanity; the right of the strongest is the right divine; and dissensions among a confederation of Christian States can only be adjusted, like those of the wild beasts of the forest, by a death struggle. I am aware that this has been the almost invariable practice of mankind in every age and country; but never till now do I recollect seeing it asserted that it was the only justifiable mode of settling controversies among States and nations; and it is with no little regret I see this doctrine sanctioned by one whose opinions are of such high authority among a large portion of the American people. I have dwelt more emphatically on this topic because I consider the right of secession as by far the most important of all the questions involved in the present controversy, and the attack on it as one of the most insidious as well as dangerous blows ever levelled at the rights of the States, all of whom are deeply interrested in the issue, since those who are now the aggressors may, one day, be placed in a position where it will be their only refuge from the uncontrolled despotism of a majority.

With regard to the expediency of the State of South Carolina exercising this right of secession, either now or at any future period, it would, I conceive, be presumptuous, in one so far removed from the scene of action, to offer his opinion, or intrude his advice. In such a crisis South Carolina must act for herself, and rely on herself alone. I would only observe that, in taking a step so decisive as that of withdrawing from the Union, unanimity among her citizens, or something nearly approaching it, seems indispensable. It appears, however, that many distinguished men among you, whose reputation is national, whose opinions are entitled to great weight, and who have heretofore taken the lead in opposing the compromise, believe that the time for secession has not yet come; that the co-operation of at least a majority of the Southern States is absolutely necessary to the successful issue of such a measure; that it is best to wait for further injuries, or at least to see whether they will be attempted, and, if so, whether they will produce such co-operation. Those whose views coincide with the resolutions adopted by your association, on the other hand, believe that immediate secession, or secession after "waiting a reasonable time" for the co-operation of other States, is indispensable to the safety and honour of the State of South Carolina. Which of these parties will eventually predominate remains to be seen; and until that is decided, I shall content myself with asserting the right of secession, leaving the expediency of its exercise to be decided by the result. Should it be found that a very considerable minority is not only opposed, but will resist a resort to this remedy for their grievances, I conceive its immediate adoption would be hazardous in the extreme. But, when great interests are at stake, much should be risked in their preservation. For myself, I will only say, that were I a citizen of South Carolina, or any other Southern State, I trust I should not be found among those who, after placing themselves in front of the battle, and leading their followers into a position whence they could not retreat without dishonour, retired from the field only, it would seem, to see if the enemy would pursue them.

A few words more, gentlemen, in order that I may not be misunderstood or misrepresented, and I will no longer trespass on your time or patience.—If I know myself, and the innermost feelings of my heart, I am a better friend of the Union than many of those who, while loudy professing their devotion, are steadily pursuing a course of policy that has already alienated a considerable portion of its citizens, and will assuredly bring about its dissolution. It is under the influence of this attachment that I have lent my feeble aid in opposition to that policy. Neither force or coercion can preserve a Union voluntarily formed on the basis of perfect equality; nor do I believe it possible to preserve or perpetuate this confederation by any attempts to extend the powers of the general government beyond the limits prescribed by the constitution, strictly construed agreeably to its letter and spirit. The first attempt to coerce any one of its members will be the handwriting on the wall, predicting the speedy and certain fate of the Union. It is not to be presumed that great States, many of them equal in extent to powerful kingdoms, and inhabited by increasing millions of freemen, jealous of their rights, brave, high-spirited, and energetic, can be held together except by a voluntary cohesion. This confederation may be likened to the great system of the universe, and it is only by the benign and gentle influence of attraction that the bright stars of our constellation can be kept in their orbits. Those who attempt to bridle or spur them will, in the end, fare like the rash fool who aspired to direct the chariot of the sun. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

J. K. Paulding.

To F. D. Richardson, H. H. Raymond, W. H. Peronbeau, Committee, &c., &c., Charleston, South Carolina.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Dear Sir,—I do not know to whom I am indebted for a slip from your paper, containing a letter from Mr. Lewis Tappan, of New York, in which he explains the grounds of his secession from the American Anti-Slavery Society, and details the services of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society (which is mainly represented by himself). Now we all know there is not a religious body in this country (or in any country where freedom of opinion is tolerated), whose style and titles is not assumed by some half-dozen discontented members who ignore the larger body from which they have seceded, and consider themselves the real Simon Pure. Such is the position of Mr. Lewis Tappan and his society. We all know the story of the three tailors who met some time since in Tooley-street, and drew up a document headed, "We, the people of England." Very similar in numbers and position is Mr. Tappan's American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, with respect to the illustrious American Anti-Slavery Society, which has been eighteen years in existence, and is fast shaking American Slavery to its foundations. Some years since, whilst the stethoscope was a novelty, and before it had acquired its present reputation with the faculty, I remember hearing a physician, who may have been more witty than wise, define it as an instrument with which you could throw dust in your patient's eyes, and then pick his pocket. Now I look upon Mr. T.'s letter as no better than what the stethoscope was then said to be. It is intended to throw dust in the eyes of the English people, in order to divert their attention from the chief instrumentality for the overthrow of American Slavery (the most tremendous of national crimes), and to direct it to a handful of bigoted, exclusive sectarians, almost too few to be counted, who ignore the large, labourious, and efficient body, because they are are not allowed to control its proceedings, and dictate the terms of membership.

Mr. Tappan is a man of ability and energy, and his letter is written with much ingenuity, but in order to enable any earnest friend of the slave, to form a correct opinion of it, I shall merely ask him to put himself in the slave's place, and then judge between the two societies. What would *he* then think of a professed friend of the slave, who should impute as a fault to an Anti-Slavery Association, that it pursued its object in a "clamorous and noisy manner?" It should be known that the "clamorous and noisy" society, which hurts Mr. Tappan's nerves so much, holds hundreds of public meetings in the year in many parts of the free States; that it employs as lecturers many men and one or two women of great ability, propriety of demeanour, and unimpeachable characters, who devote themselves to the work of enlightening the public mind, and could readily, if they pleased, obtain an ample income by other modes of life, instead of the mere subsistence they are contented with for the slave's sake; that it publishes with its own funds and by the assistance of subscribers, a large, ably-conducted, and handsome weekly paper in New York, which is solely devoted to the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause; that it includes a large majority of the earliest, ablest, most eloquent, most accomplised, and devoted abolitionists; that it imposes no sectarian tests, and welcomes every one to the work who feels for his country and his country's slaves, and is willing to labour for the removal of the giant iniquity. If this is what Mr. Tappan calls "pursuing their object in a clamorous and noisy manner," the more of such clamor and noise they make, the less disposed will the miserable slave be to find fault with them. If Mr. Tappan were a slave on a southern plantation, his wife on the auction-block, and his children sold one by one to different owners, I should like to know what limits he would think it needful to place to the "clamor and noise" made by the Anti-Slavery Society.

If most of the *we's* in Mr. Tappan's letter were altered to *I's*, we should have a much more correct idea of the nature of his labours. If he tells us that *he* scatters many publications (any number beyond 20 may be called "many") over the land; that *he* has "an agent in New Mexico, labouring to diffuse information and prevent the introduction of Slavery;" that *he* furnishes much intelligence to the press of America; that *he* and some of his friends are zealous members of missionary societies; that *he* maintains an active correspondence with Abolitionists throughout the world; and that in his general intercourse with others, *he* endeavours to promote Anti-Slavery opinions, we may believe him and thank him too, and nobody should find fault with him, provided he do not act upon false pretences, and that bigotry, pique, or offended self-importance do not induce him to divert the public attention at home or abroad from the only real *society* for the Abolition of American Slavery. The man who with his eyes open, betrays the slave's cause to gratify his own selfish impulses, is morally an atrocious criminal.

It is hardly necessary to say that no genuine enemy of Slavery would object to the co-operation of women. We have public singers, dancers, actors, holders of stock, voters at meetings of the East India Company, authors, lecturers, astronomers, teachers, who are women. Our chief magistrate is a woman, and we never before had a ruler personally so well-conducted or so justly popular. Shall not women vote at Anti-Slavery meetings? Shall not women speak for the slave;

When woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hushed?

If I were a slave, I should look on that man as a hypocrite who professed to be my friend, while he objected to any high-minded, devoted, eloquent advocate of my wrongs because she was a woman. No great philanthropic effort is more indebted to a woman than the cause of the American slave, or includes amongst its self sacrificing labourers a greater number of thoroughly excellent, highly-gifted, and admirable women. The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society (consisting of Lewis Tappan and a few of his sattellites), which hold one public annual meeting, where some clever speakers begin and end their formal Anti-Slavery labours for the year in one sitting—this Society, I will venture to say, is greatly independent of the support of women, and owes much of its inefficiency to this very circumstance. I never knew any great cause that could get on without female assistance, and whenever a number of devoted, intelligent women are ready for any good work, I have little fear of the ultimate result.

The newspaper (*The National Era*), which Mr. Tappan speaks of, was not established by him or by the society of which he is the factotum. It is the property of the editor, Dr. Bailey, and was removed by him from Cincinnati to Washington, and is conducted by him as he pleases, for his own benefit. It may patronise Mr. Tappan, but is not at all subject to his control, and I might with as much propriety claim to have established the *Times*, if it opened its columns to my articles. This assumption of Mr. Tappan's is what Carlyle would call a sham.

I have no doubt the annual report of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society gives a full account of Mr. T.'s doings, as well as of *the* annual meeting, and then ekes out the whole with the results of the efforts and labours of those with whom he is too "Christian" and too "moral" to associate. I wish he would give an account of income and expenditure, and let us know who gives the money and how he spends it on behalf of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

There is nothing the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society here or in America more earnestly invite than an investigation of their history and proceeding, and a comparison of the result of their labours with those of any of the individuals who have seceded from their ranks. They are Catholic in their spirit, above disguise, indefatigable in their labours; they are "without concealment and without compromise;" their only object is and ever has been the overthrow of American Slavery; and, in order to effect this object, they will not allow themselves to be turned aside by the timidity of sects, or the selfishness of political parties. They know their cause is the cause of truth, humanity,

and justice; that it is in harmony with all the Divine attributes, and that it must prevail.

Allow me to plead as my apology for entering at such length into this subject, that I have been for the last twelve years deeply interested in the efforts of the Abolitionists, have read their papers, studied the nature of the opposition they have to contend with, and spared no pains to become acquainted with them personally and by correspondence.

And if I am asked why I waste so many words on Mr. Tappan's Society, I reply that great mischief sometimes results from small causes, and I consider the unreal and inflated pretensions of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society as injurious to the abolition of American Slavery, since they deceive the unwary, divert their bounty, and—with the help of the New Broad-street Society, in London, who are their willing and like-minded coadjutors—do their utmost to ignore the American Anti-Slavery Society, which has never resorted, like these worthy compeers, to underhand, calumnious, or disreputable means for the attainment of its objects.

Yours respectfully,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

176, Great Brunswick-street,
Dublin, Aug. 15th, 1851.

[*Bristol* (*Eng.*) *paper.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*☞ *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1851.

THE NEW LAW OF TREASON.

THE state of the Law of Treason, in all countries and times, has ever been regarded as the most significant indication of the political condition of the people subjected to it. In despotic countries, anything is treason which the despot chooses to consider dangerous to his person or his authority. The first approaches to a government regulated by law are marked by a just jealousy in the direction of this crime, and by attempts to confine it within certain well-ascertained limits. In England, the Statute of Edward III., by which the crime of Treason was defined to mean the compassing and intending the king's death, and actually levying war against him, was one of the first bulwarks erected between the people and absolute power. The Statute of Mary, by which it was required that the crime must be proved by two witnesses to an overt act, was another impediment thrown in the way of the perversion of a law necessary for the safety of the State to the purposes of tyranny. To be sure, the ingenuity of the Crown lawyers contrived to enlarge the margin of these laws, and to bring within the Statute of Edward conspiracies to levy war, where no war was actually levied, and within that of Mary the sufficiency of two witnesses to two different overt acts; but these devices have always met with the reprobation of all lovers of true Constitutional liberty. These very evasions of the old law to suit particular cases which could not be otherwise reached, prove the vital importance, to the peace and personal security of the people, of having the law of Treason hedged in by lines of unmistakeable demarcation.

Whenever the Government of England has found itself in a troubled estate, one of its devices for deliverance has almost invariably been an attempt to use the law of Treason as an instrument of terrour. And it has shown no particular scrupulousness about stretching the law to meet the emergency of the case. As when Algernon Sydney's papers on Government, found in his closet, were received as equivalent to one witness, so as to make up the tale of two, required by the Statute of Mary; as when Daniel Dammarce and others were condemned for treason at the time of the Sacheverel riots in 1709, for pulling down and burning dissenting meeting houses; as when Lord George Gordon was tried for treason [illegible], and as when Hardy, Thelwall, and Horne Tooke, were tried for Treason for a lawful agitation of the question of Parliamentary Reform. In these two last cases, the institution of the Trial by Jury saved the lives of the accused and the Constitution of England. And in the Sacheverel cases, the ministry did not dare to have the sentences carried into effect. But in all of them, the Ministry, for the time being, were honestly and sincerely scared. They did verily believe that they, at least, if not the Crown and Kingdom, were in imminent peril of their political lives. The blood of Russell and Sydney and the other Rye House Conspirators was necessary to crush the Exclusionists and to secure the regular succession of James II.; the Sacheverel rioters were to be crushed for the security of the Protestant Settlement. Lord North was obliged to make a strong demonstration against Lord George Gordon to satisfy the indignation which his inaction at the beginning of the riots had created; and the progress of the French Revolution, which had already culminated in the execution of the King, had driven the Tories of England into a state of frantic apprehension, and created what was known at the time as the English Reign of Terror.

Our own Government seems to be bent upon using the same means of carrying its own point. A Reign of Terror is about to be proclaimed here, also. The Law of Treason is to be twisted to serve its purposes, and men are to be construed out of their lives by legal quibbles and judicial chicanery, if the Powers that Be can but have their own way. Recognising the Catching of Slaves as the Chief End for which it is established, it, not illogically, argues that whatever tends to interfere with this main purpose of its existence must be aimed at its very life. They take its life that take the means whereby it lives. The just estimation of this design was given by Commissioner Curtis, of Boston, in the intimation that the Rescue of Shadrach was an Act of Treason! An act which, at the worst, was a Riot in the eye of the law, to be erected into Treason! And why? Because it was a forcible resistance of the laws of the United States! By a parity of reasoning, every sailor that knocks down a Marshal that has a warrant to arrest him, every smuggler that resists a custom-house officer, should suffer the death of a traitor. The doctrine thus suggested by that miserable tool of tyranny has since been revived, and seems likely to be brought to the test in consequence of the Battle of Christiana. The first genuine battle of Freedom, by the way, that has yet been fought, with carnal weapons, on the soil of the Free States; those of the Revolution, however well intended, having proved, in the bitter end, to be merely the battles of Slavery.

Let us look, for a moment, at the state of facts on which this charge of treason is to rest. An officer of the United States, with a civil process, which gives him no authority to break open the doors of the humblest log-cabin in the country, attended by his *posse*, attempt to make a forcible entry into a house of which certain citizens had lawful possession. After being duly warned that he would be resisted if he broke in the door (which was entirely a superfluous and gratuitous act on the part of those within), he still persisting in the illegal attempt, the parties lawfully in possession of the premises fire upon his party, and kill and wound sundry of them. This is putting the case in the most favourable light for the government. For if the Slaveholder made the attack on his own responsibility, the act would be clearly a case of justifiable homicide, even if he had not fired first, which circumstance makes the return fire of the negroes a most unequivocal act of self-defence. But if the Gorsuches acted under the direction of the Deputy Marshal, still, as they were doing an act which he was not legally competent to do, they were none the less trespassers, and the assaulted party had the legal right to resist. We remember the case of a mate, left in charge of a ship at Charleston, S. C., who shot a constable coming to arrest him for debt, who was acquitted on this ground. We take it to be well established that a man has a legal right to hinder persons attempting to make an unlawful entrance into his house, and, if it cannot be done without it, to kill them. And that this necessity existed in this case will scarcely be denied by any one.

For doing, then, what was no crime, but a perfectly lawful act (supposing that there is any law for the class of persons attacked, and if there be not, their defence is perfect), several coloured men have been held for the crime of Treason! And as if this were not enough to make the Law Officers of the United States the laughing-stock or the abhorrence of the civilized world, according as they fail or succeed, two peaceable white men, Friends, we believe, are put into the same condemnation, for simply refusing to assist in the unlawful attack! For, as we understand it, Castner Hanway and Elijah Lewis came to the spot as peace-makers, for the purpose of dissuading the assailants from making the attack and the assailed from resistance. Having, like truly brave men, thus put themselves in the way of danger that they might save the lives of others, they were ordered to join the storming party, which, like honourable and just men, they scorned to do. For this crime, if we are not misinformed, these two courageous Quakers are committed to jail on a charge of levying war against the United States! And yet we have the face to abuse the Pope of Rome and the King of Naples for their proceedings against their rebellious subjects! They, at least, have sufficient grounds for their political tyrannies. The State as represented in their persons has been most unquestionably endangered. While here we have all their meanness and cruelty without the excuse of their bodily fear. Who believes the United States to be in danger from what happened at Christiana. If there could be a lower depth of infamy than than in which this Nation is now plunged, President Fillmore and his law menials at Philadelphia seem to be diligently seeking it out that we may be thrust neck and heels into it.

This demonstration, however, is not without its deep significance. It is, in effect, an open and public proclamation that the Slave Powers is the Supreme Authority in the land. It is equivalent to the Reactionary Proclamation of the Emperor of Austria by which he repealed the Constitution of the Empire. It avows that what would be a venial offence, not exceeding manslaughter, at the worst, if not an entirely justifiable act, if done to a citizen of a Free State, on an ordinary process, rises to the dignity of Treason when one of our Slaveholding lords and masters is the sufferer. The arrest of Messrs. Hanway and Lewis is a plain commencement of a system of Terrorism, by which honest men are to be compelled to turn slavecatchers or run the risk of being hanged for Treason. It is the newest assault which Slavery has made upon the laws which we have always been taught to regard as the only securities of our civil rights. Whether the ancient spirit which extorted those securities from the tyrants of former times, and which thought a seven years war not too long to maintain them, remains to be seen. The trial by Jury is the next stronghold that will be attacked in this pro-slavery assault. We shall soon see whether there be virtue enough in Pennsylvania to maintain it whether that, too, is to be made the supple tool of tyrants in the hands of Democratic Jeffreys or Scroggs. It is to the people, in that last fastness, that the eyes of the lovers of liberty are turned, and from their conduct will the inference be drawn, whether there be a recuperative force in our Institutions sufficient to save them, or whether we are to be dragged down into the abyss of tyranny to be rescued only, in due time, by another bloody Revolution.—E. Q.

MEETING OF THE COLOURED CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

A meeting of the coloured citizens was held at Terrence Hall, Church-street, on Thursday evening last. Mr. John Mitchell having been called to the chair, and Mr. Roberts appointed Secretary, the objects of the meeting were read by the chairman, as follows:

The various disastrous circumstances which have taken place among us of late, in the enforcement of some recent acts of Congress and the general debility of the organs of society. A supreme reign of inactivity on our part induced the callers of this meeting to solicit the attendance at this place, this evening, of their co-sufferers in the laws of non-equality, to inquire into the relation we hold to society at large, and the general government, in particular, we have now met and for that purpose, to the end of a better understanding.

After the reading of the foregoing, it was moved that a committee of three gentlemen be appointed to carry out the objects of the meeting. The following were then selected:—Henry W. Johnson, Elias G. Jones, and John Roberts. These gentlemen immediately left the meeting, and returning in some time, presented the following resolutions to be proposed:

Whereas, we have watched, with painful interest, the course pursued by both the great political parties and their auxiliaries. And whereas, neither appear to favour practically the cause of freedom, but, on the contrary, appear to be holding out all manner of subservient inducements to enlist the patronage of the wild and turbulent spirits of oppression in their favour. And whereas, such truckling to passion and prejudices, is ill calculated to advance our interest, or their honour, we deem a further effort on our part indispensible to our advancement. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, a masterly inactivity is ill suited to our position, and derogatory to our characters as men.

Resolved that it is the opinion of this meeting, that a majority of our ills claim fraternity in our actions, and that a further delay on our part to act, will place us beyond the pale of sympathy. Therefore,

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting, that it is the duty of every man, woman, and child, to seek the remedy for the ills we suffer; and that be it found in the East or West, North or South, that we will manfully inquire into its healing capacity.

Resolved, That we are wedded to no man, or set of men—no opinion, or set of opinions—no principles, or set of principles, that does not embody practical and just means to our elevation.

Resolved, That we are neither hampered by prejudice, or forestalled in judgment; that we spurn the first, and claim the latter; and in proof of our impartial desire, we now solicit, if there be any here, information on any scheme, plan, or thing, that may in any manner instruct, aid, or accomplish the end desired.—And

Resolved, That those of our people who are convinced that their situations are sufficiently degraded to demand some action on their part to alleviate our condition, are most earnestly solicited to form an organization, which will aim to advance the interest of all who may indemnify themselves with its operation.

These resolutions were then put, and unanimously adopted.

Mr. J. J. SIMONS addressed the meeting to the effect that the coloured people should place dependence on themselves only.

Some further remarks were made by others composing the meeting, after which the following resolutions were offered:

Resolved, That Mr. L. H. Putnam be requested to report at the next meeting the nature of his agricultural enterprise in Liberia, and whether it is in any way connected with the Colonisation Society, and in what way it will subserve the general interests of the coloured people.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to draw up a plan of organization, and report at a future meeting.

These resolutions having been adopted, the meeting was adjourned till Thursday next.

CONVENTION OF COLOURED PEOPLE AT TORONTO.

A Convention of Coloured People was held a fortnight ago at Toronto, Canada, whose purpose was to secure in the British Provinces an asylum for coloured refugees from the Slave-catching laws of this Republic. No full report of the Convention has yet reached us. The following is a brief statement given by a correspondent of *The Tribune*, who says:

Plans of the utmost importance to the coloured race, and especially the few coloured persons in the non-slaveholding States, were agreed upon by the Convention just held in this city. The States of New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Vermont were represented in the Convention. The great object of the movement is to find in the British American Provinces, including the West Indies, a secure asylum for the negroes who have escaped to the Northern States, and of course for those who may hereafter escape: and to turn their attention to agricultural pursuits. For this purpose it was resolved to form a Canadian Fœdus Agricultural Union. It is not contemplated to settle these people in isolated communities, but to scatter them among the white population of these Provinces.

The scheme of Colonisation propounded by Earl Gray met no encouragement from the Convention, though a self-sustaining independent emigration to the British West Indies was highly approved. A Mr. Alexander, a white man, who for ten years has been a member of the Legislature of Jamaica, was present, and recommended emigration to the British West Indies. The information he gave to the Convention on this subject had the effect of favourably disposing many who previously opposed extending the operations of the Agricultural Union to the British West Indies. The revision of a Constitution for the Agricultural Union is left to a Corresponding Committee, who have now the subject under consideration. It is proposed to raise the necessary capital in shares of $50 each, to be paid in ten annual instalments, the money to be deposited in the Bank of Upper Canada, subject to the order of the Executive Committee of the Association. Annual meetings to be held, consisting of the officers and members of the Society, each auxiliary society sending one representative. The Executive Committee to have power to buy lands and farming utensils, and to establish farms throughout those Provinces and the British West Indies. It will also sell lands to such coloured emigrants as may be able to purchase. This is an outline of the draft Constitution submitted to the Convention, and referred to a Committee for revision.

This movement is the result of the Fugitive Slave law; and the scheme adopted, while it provides security to the hunted fugitive of the Northern States, opens the door to future escapes on a gigantic scale. The success of the Union will doubtless depend in a great measure on the degree of prudence and ability with which its affairs are managed. Once make its operations profitable, and they may eventually be carried on to an extent of which few have now any conception.

Upon this 'Canadian Fœdus Agricultural Union' the *Washington Union* thus comments, in connection with the report that England, France and Spain are negotiating a treaty for the guaranty of Cuba with a provision that arrangements shall be made for the gradual Abolition of Slavery in that Island:

There is, however, another important movement, quite as inauspicious to the general tranquility of our country, and which is announced with as much unconcern by *The Republic* as would be the failure of some speculation in the stocks. It is the late formation of the "*Canadian Fœdus Agricultural Union*," for the avowed purpose of harbouring and protecting the runaway negroes from the Southern States of the Union. Speaking of this Union, *The Republic* says its purpose "is to afford facilities of escape and the means of sub'sistence to negroes in the United States; and with 'this view it has been concurred *in by delegations 'from New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey 'and Vermont*."

Combined with the determination of the members of the Holy Alliance in Europe to use Cuba to disseminate the power and influence of Abolitionism, this Canadian league is well calculated to arouse the indignation of every real friend of our Republican institutions. If we have not the power to prevent this *alliance* from riveting the chains of despotism in Cuba, we have certainly the right of protecting ourselves against this despotism within our borders. *If England can use Cuba to spread Abolition, we can certainly use Canada to prevent it. Will it not be our duty at once to take the ground that a Fugitive Negro flying to her borders from our jurisdiction shall be treated as property, and shall be surrendered up to the owner?* This, we are sure, *would be* the impulse, if not the language, of a *Democratic President* in the presence of the Holy Alliance, when negotiating to make Cuba the victim of Abolition fanaticism and the ally of the same influence in the United States; and if the American people intend to maintain the principles of the early fathers of the Republic, we are equally certain they will give such a response to this feeling as will remind the despots of Europe that this is still 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

That the people of the "land of the free and home of the brave" have the will to make their own country free to slave-hunters, and bravery enough to hunt down any poor negro running the gauntlet of the States for his freedom, nobody doubts. Nor do we need the assurance of the *Union* that the will is equally strong to extend the area of that hunting-ground into the Territory of Great Britain. And it would be rash to set limits to what the Democracy may conceive to be its duty. But it is not true always that where there is a will there is a way. Republican duty and republican will are one thing, and the duty and the will of a monarchy quite another thing. A democratic Executive may resolve that a fugitive escaping into Canada from service here shall be delivered up to him to whom such service, according to our national bond, is due; but her Majesty's Ministers, we rather think, will take time to consider the matter before they permit our national Ægis thus to be extended over her borders. Brag is a good dog, even at slave-catching, but he will never continue the chase over the Canadian line. "The despots of Europe," whatever they may be at home, will not be likely to take a new start in despotism on this continent at the bidding of any Democratic President, charm he never so wisely, or bluster he never so fiercely; the *Union* may be sure of that.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

A CONVENTION of the Episcopalians was held in this city, last week, whether ordinary or extraordinary we are not able to say, but the main business of which seemed to be to choose a Bishop in the place of the late incumbent, Onderdonk. As in this it succeeded, much to the satisfaction, doubtless, of all the brethren of that Church, others, not members, and a few who are, may conclude therefrom that perseverance, even among Episcopalians, meets, at length, with its reward, and that any good cause in that body shall finally triumph. The Church of the Messiah, and Mr. John Jay, therefore, need not despair. Though the following report of the Convention in relation to that Church is about the same thing that we have read for the last half dozen years, we may, next year, hear of better things, for does not a new man sit in the chair of Bishop Onderdonk?

Mr. John Jay moved that the Church of the Messiah (coloured), of this City, be admitted into the Convention along with the other churches applying for admission. In the case of other churches, said Mr. Jay, there was no difficulty, as their application was immediately received on presentation, and they were admitted with great promptitude. This case, however, had been made an exception; but he trusted that the Convention would decide upon its application immediately, without raising any technical objections, and that the vote would be taken by orders.

Hon John C. Spencer said, that as the application of this Church had not been regularly taken up each successive year, after it was first presented in 1846, it could not with propriety come before the Convention now except made in regular order. He desired to know if the certificate of this Church had been placed in the hands of the Committee.

Mr. Jay expressed his desire to have the report of the Committee on the Incorporation of Churches for 1846 read to the Convention.

Mr. Haight read the report, and said he could find no mention in it of the application of the Church of the Messiah; but on looking over the document again, discovered that it had been before the Committee at that Convention.

Rev. Dr. Anthon hoped that this much-vexed question would be met at once—that it might be definitively acted upon.

Hon. J. C. Spencer was of the opinion that the report of the Committee to the Convention of 1846, in relation to the Church of the Messiah, died with the Convention. He suggested, however, that the certificate of incorporation should be handed to the proper Committee, that the certificate presented in 1846 might be allowed to come up regularly before the Convention.

Mr. Jay replied that he had no objection if the matter were decided upon at once, that the delegates applying for admission might take their seats before the election of a Bishop. He concluded by making a motion that the papers filed in, relative to the Church of the Messiah, be referred to the Committee on the Incorporation of Churches.

The motion was put without further discussion and carried.

—The Committee of the Incorporation of the Churches, we presume, intend to take a year to consider of the matter, as we do not find that they made any report at this Convention. If we do not hear from them next year, we may be sure that they will hear from Mr. Jay.

FATHER MATHEW.

AN appeal, signed by enough of the wealthy and respectable men of this city to make it effective, has appeared in the daily papers, to ask of the public a donation of money to be presented to Father Mathew. It is backed by a long letter from a new advocate of the Temperance cause, the Hon. Henry Clay of Kentucky, who sets forth, with great force, the claims of the distinguished Irishman to the regards of the people of this country. Some captious persons may affect to doubt that the great Kentuckian has any real interest in the subject of Temperance, and least of all, when his allusion to George Thompson in the United States Senate, last winter, is remembered, that he gives a hearty approval to the interference of Father Mathew in one of the most prevalent and popular of our Domestic Institutions. But such ill-natured folks should recollect that, as the Grocers say, "there's odds in ginger." If George Thompson had forgotten his Anti-Slavery, quite other notice would have been taken in our Senate of a distinguished member of the British Parliament; and had Father Mathew remembered his, a farewell of quite another sort would have awaited him from a Union Committee of another kind. Perhaps his Irish Anti-Slavery may follow the example of Mr. Thompson's constituents of the Tower Hamlets, and ask of the Irish Apostle some account of his absence. In such event, there will come shame to the one where there came triumph to the other.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASINATE THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.—A letter to the *Phila. North American* gives the following particulars of an attempt to assasinate Governor Johnston, of Pennsylvania:

POTTSVILLE, Wednesday, Sept. 24, 1851.

On Monday evening, the Governor and his escort returned to this place from Tamaqua. Owing to the darkness of the night, and the fear of accident, they were forced to travel very slow, and it was 12 o'clock before they arrived at Mount Carbon.

The Governor was met by a large party of miners, with their lamps burning, and escorted to his quarters, the Governor being on foot. As soon as they started from Mount Carbon, they were attacked, in the most cowardly and villainous manner, with fire arms, stones and clubs. A pistol was fired by some person within a few feet of the Governor, the ball from which passed within four feet of his person, and within a few inches of the persons of Capt. Frank Pott and Col. Jacob M. Long, who were in the escort directly in front of the Governor. A rush was made for the villain who fired, but the darkness prevented his arrest. Shortly after, and when the procession had just reached the Sharp mountain, they were assaulted with clubs and stones thrown from the mountain, where a party of the villains were secreted. A number were struck; a large club passed over the Governor, and injured one of his escort severely. Col. Waugh was struck on the head with a stone. One other person has a broken jaw from a stone thrown.

Efforts are being made to have the outlaws arrested and brought to justice.

MORE SURRENDERS.—An old woman, who, the *Pennsylvania Freeman* says, was turned out of doors, some years ago, as useless by her master, was captured last week near Christiana, and remanded by a Commissioner in Philadelphia to her claimant. She was taken, the Freeman adds, that her capture might lead to that of her children. A Telegraphic Dispatch dated Harrisburg, Sept. 27th, says:

The four fugitives, John Stoucher, John Bell, Edward Michael, and Finton Mercer, charged by Michael Lentz, on suspicion, of having participated in the Christiana riots, were to-day brought before Judge Pearson, on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The Judge decided that the Magistrate committed a gross dereliction of duty in issuing a commitment without evidence. The prisoners were, therefore discharged for want of evidence.

Immediately after their discharge, Commissioner McAllister pointed to them, and declared they were in charge of his officers. The negroes were then handcuffed in open court, and conveyed to the Commissioner's office where an examination was held with closed doors.

The examination before the Commissioner has resulted in the slaves being handed over to their claimants.

Great excitement has been caused by this procedure, but there has been no violation of law.

JOHN A. COLLINS, formerly an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, is again a Whig candidate, in San Francisco, for the Legislature of California, and the *Herald*, of that city, is anxiously inquiring if he is an Abolitionist. The question is answered in the affirmative by one E. G. Buffum, who gives in the *Herald* a sketch of Mr. Collins' career here, but forgets to state, or is ignorant that he publicly announced his return to "God and the Whig party" some years ago.—It would be hard if our old friend should lose one half of the salvation he hoped to secure by this recantation.

FREEDOM OF OPINION AT THE SOUTH.—The Vigilance Committee of Grayson county, Virginia, on the 13th ultimo, arrested one John Cornutt, a slaveholder, and having stripped him, and tied him to a tree, compelled him, by the administration of a dozen lashes to his bare back, to renounce his Anti-Slavery opinions, promise to sell his land and negroes and leave the State. Cornutt is said to be a friend of Bacon, the Wesleyan preacher, and as he was converted to Slavery by a Northern man, his case will be quoted to show how the South deals with Northern interference.

☞ IT is a rather a significant fact (writes a correspondent) that in all advertisements in the Southern newspapers relating to slaves, whether of negroes wanted or negroes for sale, the typical representation of a slave is the figure of either a black man or woman in the act of running away. Attempts to escape from their thraldom, according to the advertisements of the Southern press, is the normal instinct of a slave. This is not exactly in accordance with the mouthing and writing of Southerners, but it is one of those truths that escapes them unawares, and daily gives the lie to their declamations.

CUBA ONCE A PART OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.—It is the opinion of some geographers, that Cuba, St. Domingo and other West India Islands, were once connected with the mainland. The disruption is supposed to have been occasioned by a great catastrophe of nature long before the commencment of human records. By this hypothesis the Gulf Stream now rolls along a channel where once the solid earth defied the surges of the ocean, and resisted the torrents rushing down the great rivers Mississippi, Alabama, Tombigbee, Escambia, and Apalachicola.—*Ex. paper.*

—Of course, then, these Islands should be *re-annexed* to the Continent.

Communications.

ORGANIZATION.

[FOR THE STANDARD.]

IN a recent communication for the *Standard*, I made a few observations in favour of organizing the Abolition strength of the country, on a common platform of "*No Union with Slaveholders.*" In addition to what I have already said, will you allow me to present the following.

1. Thoroughly organized in their respective localities, the Abolitionists, however few in number, can, with very little trouble and no expense to themselves, do much of the work that now devolves upon the lecturer, and thereby *save* much of the expense necessarily incurred, in carrying on the reformation. The American Anti-Slavery Society is, from year to year, employing Agents and sending them forth into the pro-Slavery wilderness, to preach the Abolition Gospel to the people. To pay those lecturers, and bear their expenses, other agents must be employed to traverse the country and raise the necessary funds. In a community where everything is at loose ends, where each Abolitionist thinks himself the only one in his neighbourhood, and almost begins to doubt whether or not he is one himself, the lecturer must needs spend a large share of his time in doing what resident Abolitionists are much better qualified to do; such as appointing meetings ahead, in different parts of the town, circulating notices through the community, preparing the people to welcome the lecturer, at least by their presence. My experience, saying nothing about the reason of the thing, has convinced me that, in a given territory, an organization in each town, which can be notified through the paper, (each Society should take a copy of the Organ of the American Society) can save one half of the lecturer's time. As a penny saved is as good as a penny earned, and as time is money, and as money is very necessary to carry forward the movement and is somehow very reluctant to leave the pocket of its possessor, this alone becomes a matter of some importance, especially when the case is applied to twenty lecturers instead of one, and to several years instead of a few weeks.

2. These societies once established, can and will *contribute* something towards defraying the expenses of the campaign, that they would not find convenience or disposition for doing, as separate individuals. If even the sum of one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars worth of work can, in this way, be done in the course of five years, that cannot be done otherwise, it is worthy of being taken into consideration, at least by those Abolitionists who desire to see the cause prosper with as little expense as possible.

3. The increased number of people who would be, through their influence, induced to attend Anti-Slavery meetings, is of too much importance to be lost sight of. Thousands of people are much less unwilling to favour a reform meeting with their presence, if the lecturer is a stranger, when it is got up on the authority of respectable (Abolitionists are always respectable) members of their own community; and we *must* get the ears of the people in order to reach their hearts.

4. The presence of a society based upon such principles must, of necessity, send terror to the guilty hearts of pro-Slavery priests and politicians, and cause a shaking among the dry bones of the masses of the community. The priest is compelled to break silence in self-defence; and the moment his voice is heard, the flock know it to be the voice of the wolf and not of the Shepherd. The politician is driven from his sacred covert. The cobweb mask of his hypocrisy is torn off. The low cunning and despicable meanness, to which he has resorted, to beguile and dupe the people, is revealed. He stands up in the light, but can't bear it; seeks another covert, to hide his deformity, but can't find it. The mask is off; the light of truth penetrates every nook and corner of the dark recesses of error. There is no more secret hiding place. Even the rocks and mountains will not fall upon him, to hide his shapeless deformity from the public gaze. Routed, discomfited, disappointed, chagrined, he is forced to fall back upon the merits or *de*merits of the question, and defend his position as the duly authorized and openly avowed, or at least well known, agent and accomplice of the devil. This is just where we want him. Tear off the angel's garb, and reveal the cloven foot, and the battle is half fought, the victory sure. The people are placed (however unwillingly) where they are compelled to take sides, in open day. A voice, speaking in the ear of the soul, says: If the Lord be God, serve Him; if Baal, serve him; take your choice and abide the result.

5. The Abolitionists, themselves, will be stronger and truer. They will unite their strength, pull together, and, as the man said of his horse, the load must come, or something break. They will realize greater responsibility. Each Society will feel itself a link in the golden chain, the want of which will cause serious damage. They will take hold with greater courage, and hold on with more untiring perseverance. We need sympathy, encouragement, such as can only come from the meeting of kindred hearts, and the mingling of kindred spirits, to make us cling forever to the ideal of stern duty that rises up in our souls, when the conflict becomes fearful, and the issue doubtful. Most of us *must* have it. A GARRISON may stand *alone*—receive shock after shock of the world's hatred and scorn and neglect, and never falter. Alone, with his foot planted firmly on the rock of Truth, his eye fixed on the Right, his great soul bent on Justice, his generous heart throbbing in sympathy with bruised and plundered Humanity; his trust in God and his hope of success resting in His unconquerable purpose. Alone, he may stand in the strength of his spotless integrity, unflinching, unwavering, unmoved, immovable—like the giant forest tree whose roots have twined their thousand arms around the immovable rocks that lie embedded in the earth beneath it; unharmed amid the general wreck occasioned by the storms that have spent their force, and coolly viewing the gathering of those that are to come; calmly awaiting the fury of the rushing blast, and nerving its energies to successfully resist another shock of the fearful tempest. Or alone, he may *advance*, fearlessly grappling with bloody wrongs that are crushing humanity, hurling bolts of moral indignation, and sending arrows of conviction from side to side; deserted by false and timid friends, and assailed by indignant and determined enemies, on every hand; closing fiercely with the foe, in more than mortal strife, with fearful odds against him,—he may still advance, still pass on, from conquering to conquer. Such a man always conquers. There's victory in every blow he strikes, fall where it may. But few of us are Garrisons. Most of us need the assurance that we are not alone; that others are moving simultaneously and in the same direction with us, to hold us to our purpose.

Finally: who will object to such a course? Whigs and Democrats will object. Nearly all of the ministers and deacons of churches, will object. Most Free-soilers will object. But will Abolitionists object? Will those Abolitionists who have become entangled in the meshes of Free-soil and Hunkerism object? Will Liberty Party men object? How can they? The public sentiment of the country is almost universally corrupt. The heart of the nation is rotten to its core. A few of its members remain pure, but the heart is one great mass of seething and festering corruption. When the nation's heart is purified, the shackles will fall from the limbs of its bleeding slaves; never till then. Will those who profess to be in the field, take hold and help us do the work? We shall see. J. H. PHILLEO.

ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY
AT FRANKLINVILLE.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR:—At a meeting of the friends of humanity, held in Franklinville, Cattaraugus Co., New York, a Society was formed called the "Franklinville Anti-Slavery Society," numbering fifteen members. The Society held its first meeting on Monday evening, the 8th instant, and the prospects are very flattering for quite a large increase. Give our best wishes to similar organizations throughout the land, and may God speed the cause of human rights, until the bonds of oppression shall be known only as something that has been and never more to be in this our boasted land of Freedom.

By order of the Society,
PLATT BURLINGAME, *Cor. Sec'y.*

Sept. 16th, 1851.

MARCH OF LIBERTY.

[FOR THE STANDARD.]

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

THERE is a Long Wooden Bridge over the River "Ocmulgee" which connects the cities of Augusta, Georgia, and that of Hamburgh, South Carolina, and on either end of said Bridge is a broad board, reaching from one side to the other, with the following inscription:

"ALL PERSONS ARE FORBID TRAVELLING FASTER THAN A WALK OVER THIS BRIDGE. PENALTY FOR A WHITE PERSON, ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS; FOR A COLOURED PERSON, THIRTY-NINE LASHES."

—The boards appear to have been placed there quite recently. A TRAVELLER.

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

BRISTOL, September 12, 1851.

MY DEAR GAY: Here am I, your Dublin Correspondent, far away from the land of his nativity, "a poor exile of Erin," drawn hither by the charms of George Thompson's eloquence and by the hope of communion with certain "British and Foreign" and "American and Foreign" Abolitionists — none of whom, however, are connected with either of the distinguished and high-minded Societies for the abolition of Slavery, which rejoice in those epithets. You are not ignorant that I am from the Island of Saints, and that, thanks to Saint Patrick, we enjoy an immunity from snakes and toads, and all such venomous reptiles, although we have plenty of creatures that go on two legs, which are much more mischievous and insidious. In my very early days I was indoctrinated, as most children are, into the circumstances by which my own country was blessed above all others, and this freedom from snakes was particularly dwelt upon. On the other hand, I was given to understand that England was infested with venomous beasts, so that my childish imagination pictured the "inviolate island of the sage and free" as a long stretch of sandy coast swarming with serpents standing upright on their tails, looking towards Ireland, darting forth their forked tongues, and hissing viciously. Now, I beg to set your mind at rest. Pursuing the precepts of the Baconian philosophy, I have made actual experiment, and can assure you that the "wanderings of my own dark mind" in my life's early spring time have not been confirmed by the experience of my maturer years. England is not what I then imagined it—at least in the neighbourhood of Bristol.

We generally speak of things as we find them. I find Bristol a pleasant city. I heard George Thompson here at an Anti-Slavery meeting called for the purpose of welcoming him on his return from America, and of expressing confidence in him and in the American Anti Slavery Society, with which he sympathised and co-operated. The Rev. Edward Matthews, whose treatment at the hands of a set of brutal Kentuckians you are familiar with, was also present and received his share of thanks for his devotion to the cause of Free Baptist Missions, for which he suffered. The meeting was presided over by Robert Charlton, a member of the Society of Friends, distinguished for his zeal in the temperance cause and his bountiful expenditure of money for benevolent purposes. The chairman opened the meeting by recommending great mildness in the treatment of the slaveholder, and compared his claims to leniency and forbearance, on the ground of his conscience being ignorant and unenlightened, to those of the consumers of strong drink and the members of the army and navy. These remarks called forth George Thompson, in a very eloquent and powerful speech, in which he so portrayed the system of Slavery, in all its meanness and enormity, as to thrill the hearts and convince the judgments of the meeting, who were then appealed to in behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society and the great work it has in hands. When I tell you that I had not had an opportunity of hearing George Thompson on this subject for more than ten years, you may readily suppose that this manifestation of his matchless and undiminished powers was a great treat to me, and not the less so because some of Garrison's earliest, ablest, and most untiring fellow labourers were then upon the platform—friends of the cause whose gifts and graces are magnified and ennobled by the fidelity and sleepless energy with which they are devoted to promote the noblest moral and philanthropic movement of the age.

The evening after the Public Meeting, a Soirée was given (or held) by the Friends of the Anti-Slavery cause. It was intended to have been a purely conversational meeting, but in consequence of Mr. Matthews having expressed a stong desire to explain the claims and merits of the Liberty Party, his wish was acceded to, and, on the commencement of the proceedings, he "took the flood" and dilated at considerable length on the principles and proceedings of those who devote their time to an attempt to convince the people of the United States that their Constitution does not mean what the people, their judges, and their legislature declare that it means, and who are trying to form a party to swear to this document with the intention of neglecting some of its most solemn provisions, or are intending to keep them (and so renouncing the claims of justice and humanity) *until* they can obtain a sufficient majority to turn the balance of political power in favour of an amended Constitution consistent with the Declaration of Independence and with the cardinal doctrine of the Abolitionists, that "Slavery is a sin and should be immediately abandoned." He was followed by Mr. Thompson, who took his arguments and statements to pieces, and exposed, in strong terms, the absurdity and duplicity of their political enterprise under the name of Anti-Slavery action, as compared with the onslaught of the Abolitonists upon the selfishness and hypocrisy which form the true corner stones of the system of Slavery. He showed that the Liberty Party has repeatedly fallen to pieces—that it has no principles of cohesion—that it is liable to all the temptations by which mere politicians are apt to be betrayed from the paths of truth and consistency—and that until the American people are indoctrinated into a sense of the sin, disgracefulness and folly of Slavery, it is vain to expect them to legislate upon it. Garrison's doctrine is so simple and luminous that he who runs may read. What is, then, to prevent the Liberty Party from putting forth some exposition of their views that shall recommend itself, as Garrison's does, to every enlightened conscience which is unbiased by sect and undimmed by selfishness? I have seen Gerrit Smith's Letter and Lysander Spooner's Treatise. But they are ponderous arguments. Who can take them in? Even Frederick Douglass' transcendant ability was unable to master them until he had sat for a long time at the feet of the Liberty Party Gamaliel; and I fear that now, with all his talent and with the help of all the zeal that converts feel, he will find it very difficult to communicate his convictions to any of those who are not already fascinated by the American passion for politics. However, although Mr. Matthews is a zealous advocate of the Liberty Party, he will not succeed in convincing many in these parts of the stability of its moral foundations or of the straight-forwardness of the assumptions by which it is bolstered up. It is difficult to most Englishmen to turn their attention to the complicated political movements of the United States, or to make them understand how they can be made use of to much purpose for the abolition of Slavery, until the nation has been aroused and enlightened to the enormity of the system.

In the intervals between these meetings, and for a day or two afterwards, we had a great time visiting this fine old town and its very beautiful and romantic environs. I have been used to hear of Bristol as an ugly, smoky city, a mere stupid Bœotia. I do not think there is a city in the three Kingdoms in which so many have embraced the Anti-Slavery cause with zeal and intelligence, or in which so much is done for its promotion. There is certainly none I have seen except Edinburgh at once so remarkable for the beauty of its situation, its venerable air of antiquity, and the number of fine old churches and other buildings by which it is adorned, such as St. Stephen's Church, the Church of St. Mary Redcliff, the home of the founder or veteran William Cannynge, a wealthy and pious merchant in the reign of Edward the Fourth, the Red House, containing a stately chamber adorned with the richest carving in old black oak, and interesting from the circumstance that Queen Elizabeth once presided within its walls. The surrounding districts of Gloucestershire and Somersetshire are surpassingly beautiful—so diversified by hill and dale, wood and water—by the romantic banks of the Avon and the broad bosom of the majestic Severn, that you might go a long way before you would find any thing to equal it. It is very rarely I have much opportunity of enjoying the green fields, and you may imagine how delightful it was to visit the delicious scenery in this neighbourhood, in company with one of the most unaffected, cheerful, highly gifted and most eloquent of men, and a troop of

his friends, and these such friends as even he is justly proud of. Amongst other places we visited was Leigh Manor, "one of the stately homes of England," a noble mansion, ornamented by some of the finest pictures in this country, and from the lawn of a gentleman's domain we had a delightful view of the terrestial paradise that looks towards Wales and across the Severn.

You will be glad to know that the merits and claims of the Anti-Slavery cause were never better understood in England than at the present time. And if I do not greatly mistake him, George Thompson will bring the matter to an issue before the people as nobody but himself is qualified to do. He has the popular ear—he is listened to with interest and admiration—he has just returned from the thickest of the battle, and there is some chance that the English friends of the American seceders and new organizationists will be obliged to come out of the holes and corners in which they have hitherto employed themselves less in promoting the Anti-Slavery cause than in obstructing the efforts and, by hints, whispers and innuendoes, damaging the characters, destroying the influence, and obstructing the labours of its true friends. I think E. Q. and D. Y. will have work on their hands in the coming three months, and will have to try another fall with those philanthropists who hail from New York and flourish on the list of officers of the American and Foreign Society.

Yours, ever truly,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

Miscellaneous News.

THE two following letters, written by Sons of the slave-hunter Gorsuch, who was shot at Christiana will be read with interest. That the writers should be in an exasperated state of feeling is, of course, no more than was to be expected, and is enough to account for, if not palliate, the distorted and false statements of the first letter:

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIANA TRAGEDY, BY ONE OF MR. GORSUCH'S SONS.

[*From The Baltimore Sun.*]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having seen various and contradictory reports concerning the tragic fate of my father, and the attendant circumstances, I have thought it best to perform the painful task of giving you some facts, in reference thereto, which may be relied upon:

Near three years ago, four negroes, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, fled from my father's, in Baltimore county, nineteen miles from the city, into Pennsylvania. These negroes were to be free at the age of twenty-eight, and this fact they knew. It had come to the knowledge of my father that they had sold wheat, stolen from him, to a free negro. A warrant was got out for the arrest of the free negro, which, coming to the ear of his accomplices, they resolved (the same evening) to make good their escape. This was in November. During the winter it was reported that these men were suffering for food. A coloured man was sent to find them, and assure them, if they would come home and behave themselves, nothing would be said to them about their theft. They were found, but did not return.

After having carefully provided the necessary vouchers and papers, attended by a deputy marshal and two constables from Philadelphia, my father, his son, (Dickinson,) his nephew, (Dr. Thos. T G. Pearce,) Joshua Gorsuch, Nathan Nelson and Nicholas Hutchins, set out the first of last week for the scene of intended arrest. The plan was to arrest the fugitives on Wednesday morning, but this was frustrated by the non-appearance of the deputy marshal, who had the authority and the papers. Both the Philadelphia constables returned to the city, with the understanding that they were to come back at night with new warrants—one of them having been deputed to act as marshal. The delinquent marshal made his appearance on Wednesday morning, about nine o'clock, urging as an excuse for his failure, that he had been followed by a negro, whom he knew to be a spy. In endeavouring to elude his pursuit and prevent the discovery of his posse, by rapid driving, he broke his wagon. It was then agreed that they would attempt the arrest on Thursday morning, strengthened by the constables, whom they expected to return on Wednesday night—but these did not come.

Deputy Marshal Henry H. Kline, and the five gentlemen in company with my father, reached the house where two of the runaways were supposed to live, just about morning dawn. The house stands near the head of the Great Valley, in Lancaster county, about two miles from the village of Christiana. The valley here is about three-quarters of a mile broad, quite trough-like in shape, and bordered with wood. Across this valley runs a narrow, rough lane. About 150 yards from the southern border of the valley, and 100 yards from the lane that crosses it, stands the house of the fugitive, connected with the larger lane by a short lane, twelve feet wide. As this party, at this early hour, were proceeding along the lane that crosses the valley, and near the house, one of the negroes, who was recognised as Nelson, came to the mouth of the short lane, and, upon seeing these men, ran towards the house, all the party in full chase. The negro barely made his escape. One man was stationed at each corner of the house, to guard the windows. The house is two stories in height, and the negroes were all up-stairs.

The Marshal and my father entered the house. Mr. Kline asked for the owner of the house; told them he was a United States' Marshal, and that he came for the purpose of arresting Mr. Gorsuch's slaves, Nelson and Josh. He then read to them the warrants, and while doing this he heard them loading their guns up stairs. The Marshal and my father started both together to go up stairs, the latter having first called to Nelson that he saw him, and told him that if he would come down peaceably and go home with him, he would treat him as kindly as before he ran away. Resistance, he said, would do no good, for he came with the proper officer and authority, and that he would not leave the premises without his property. While they were on the steps and intending to proceed, one of the negroes struck at them with a staff shod with sharp iron. My father then turned and went out of the door. Just as he got out a gun was fired at his head from one of the windows, but the aim was too high. The Marshal coming out just behind him, fired his pistol in the window. Again they went in, and starting to go up the steps, and an axe was thrown down at them, which, however, passed harmlessly by them. In this way a little skirmishing was kept up between the negroes at the windows and the young men outside, and between those at the head of the steps and the two men in the house.

During this period the warrants were read three times, the law was explained, they were advised and entreated to give up the two slaves, and assured that the arrests would be made even if blood must be shed. A missile had been thrown out of the window and had wounded Pearce in the head; he had attempted to shoot, but the cap only exploded. At last they gave the negroes a definite time to decide; the watch was held, but before the time expired a white man rode up to the bars in the lane. His presence inspired the blacks; they immediately raised a shout, and became confirmed in their opposition. When the Marshal saw the man at the bars, he went to him and called upon him in the name of the United States, to assist in arresting the fugitives, shewing his warrant, reading his authority, and telling him the inevitable consequence of refusal. Another white man was also present during this conversation. The reply was, that he would not assist; and that they had better go home, for they could make no arrests there, or blood would be spilt.

Before, during, and after the conversation with this man at the bars, negroes were arriving from every quarter, some on horseback, and others on foot, armed with guns, pistols, clubs, corn-cutters, &c. They seemed to be scattered all around upon the first of their arrival, but most of them were gathered in knots near the place where the white man on horseback and the marshal were talking, engaged in loading their guns. At the close of the conference, the marshal called to his party to retire, saying that he would not press the arrest farther, and that he would hold this man responsible for the property. Then the marshal and two of the young men left. My father was then near the house, his sons Pearce and Joshua Gorsuch not far from him, still guarding the house to keep the slaves from escaping. Just as the marshal and the two young men left, the Quaker, on the horse, said something to the negroes that had assembled near him, when they set up a most hideous yell, and rushed towards the house, the negroes in the house at the same time rushing out and whooping like savages, met the advancing gang around my father. There were four men, all armed with pistols, it is true, opposed to about one hundred infuriated, blood thirsty, howling demons. As soon as these two gangs met in the narrow lane, the attack was made upon the diminished band, by a negro from behind, striking father on the head, which caused him to fall forward on his knees, when he was shot several times, and cut over the head with corn-cutters.

When the young men near him saw him fall, Dickinson and Johnson ran to him and discharged their pistols into the crowd that was murdering him, Pearce having been cut off from them by the negroes who advanced from the bars. As Dickinson was shooting immediately over his father, his revolver was knocked out of his hand by a club striking him upon the arm, near the wrist. Then a negro shot him in the right side and arm, lodging more than seventy large shot in him. The negroes were whooping and yelling with savage glee over their victims, and the son, nephew and cousin started, to save their lives. They all escaped from this narrow lane, the scene of the awful conflict, into the longer lane that extended across the valley, and the woods on either side. Dickinson, staggering under the stunning effects of his wounds, blood gushing from his mouth and streaming from his arm and side, took the southern end of the lane, and, in a distance of a hundred yards reached the edge of the wood, falling down by a large stump, exhausted. Some of the fiends followed, and would have most cruelly murdered him, but an old negro, who had been in the affray, threw himself over his body, and called upon them for God's sake to assist him, for he would soon die anyhow.

Dr. Pearce and John Gorsuch took to the other end of the lane, leading to the woods, on the other side of the valley, which were more than half a mile distant. Pearce kept the lane, and after him rushed the whole band of negroes, shouting and shooting every jump, a distance of 360 yards. In his flight he overtook the Quaker on the horse, and strove to keep him between himself and his pursuers, to which course he ascribes the salvation of his life. At the distance of halt a mile from the negro's house, he reached a dwelling, and bolting in, asked two ladies, who were then the only persons whom he saw in the house, to protect him. They expressed fear lest the negroes might come and find him there, and kill them for concealing him. He told them he would not expose them to danger then, and turned to go out, when they consented to conceal him. Soon his infuriated pursuers came to the house and asked if he was not there. They were told that some one had gone past, and they kept on to the woods, which they searched and guarded until late at night, to find and to butcher their desired victim

Joshua Gorsuch, who had received a violent blow on the head when by my father, was rather late in starting, and ran obliquely from the house to the lane, reaching it in advance of Pearce Him they overtook and beat over the head with clubs until it was supposed they had killed him, but he got up and went on up the lane as far as he could. One negro, who had chased Pearce farther than the rest, as he was returning, struck him (Gorsuch) over the head with a club. At last he reached the woods, completely crazed by the blows he had received. There he was found by the marshal and taken to a place of safety.

Dickinson did not lie long before some gentlemen came and carefully removed him to Mr. Levi Pownall's where he now lies, and where I now write. Every attention that kindness can suggest and charity execute, is bestowed upon him. At first it was thought he could not live until night; but, through the care of his physicians, and the blessing of God, he has been gradually mending ever since, and now we have strong hopes of his recovery. Dr. Pearce was conducted to the house where Dickinson is, about four or five o'clock the same afternoon. Joshua escaped that evening, to York, where his friends took good care of him. He is now out of danger, and doing well.

It may be gratifying to some to know that the proceedings now in progress will bring to light the secret of this bloody affair. A negro of Philadelphia—the same that followed the marshal on the first night—found out by some means, *fair or foul*, the homes of the negroes to be taken, and other circumstances connected with my father's plan, and gave intelligence to the neighbourhood. The Abolitionists and negroes together spread the news, and thus was brought together the most of the negroes for miles around. We have the man who incited the negroes to shoot, and defied the Marshal. We have also quite a number of the actors in that awful scene, but not all of them The law will now be fully tested, I suppose.

I have written this by the advice of friends, and am glad the painful task is performed.

J. S. GORSUCH.

Christiana, Sept. 17, 1851.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN NEGRO OUTRAGE—REV. MR. GORSUCH AND GOVERNOR JOHNSTON,

[*From the Baltimore Sun Sept. 20.*]

The following letter from the Rev. Mr. Gorsuch to Gov. Johnston, in which he replies to the letter of the Governor, has been handed us for publication:—

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18, 1851

HON. WM. F. JOHNSTON, Governor of Pennsylvania:

The undersigned, a son of the late Edward Gorsuch, the victim of Abolitionist enthusiasm and high-handed rebellion, is sorry that so painful a duty is imposed upon him as that to which he now addresses himself.—He writes to you, sir, with no vindictive feelings, but only to assure you, what he desires every one to know, that he thinks the lack of official promptness on your part has resulted in the escape, hitherto, of the slaves, and some of the principal murderers of his father. It would have tended in some degree to relieve the anxiety of the family and friends of the deceased to have known that the Governor of the State in which this foul murder was committed had acted as promptly and efficiently as the circumstances demanded.

I know that you passed within a few yards of where the body of my father lay, the afternoon of the same day on which he was murdered. The cars stopped at the door of the house. Some of the passengers went in to look at the ghastly spectacle. But, sir, you did not. You, who ought, because of your responsible station, to have been most interested, showed the least concern.—And this is not to be wondered at. It would seem natural that then you should have been rejoicing at this, the first fruits of your official and personal hostility to the rendition of fugitive slaves Did we not well know what you have done to render inoperative the law under whose protection my father entered your State to secure his property, in a manner strictly legal, some excuse might be found in our minds for your strange inactivity. But we knew your course. We had watched it with pain, and we did not expect you would be induced to change it even at this extraordinary crisis.

Allow me to call your attention to a fact which, perhaps, you will remember. Those slaves, for whom my father was searching, were to be free at the age of twenty-eight. They were detected in selling stolen wheat to a free negro. Before the writ which was gotten out against him could be served, he escaped to Pensylvania. This brother of mine, now so near to death was sent to you with a requisition from the Governor of Maryland for that free negro, "Abe Johnson." But you would not deliver him up, and sent my brother home convinced that further effort in that respect was unnecessary. That "Abe Johnston," it is said, was present among the rebels on last Thursday morning.

I have read some letters which you wrote to some gentlemen of Philadelphia, who were urging you to action. I marked the strong contrast between your words and actions. Now, sir, if you were so anxious to vindicate the honour of your State—so proud to have those offenders arrested—why did you not imitate the noble example of the executive of the United States? Why did you not issue your proclamation as soon as you reached Philadelphia? If it ought to have been done at all, were there not stronger reasons to have it done on the first day, when the murderers were at hand, than on the fifth, when most of them had escaped? You cannot plead ignorance of the riot, for it was well known to you. You will not pretend to say that it was more necessary when several prominent actors in that tragedy were arrested, and the whole neighbourhood scoured by vigorous young gentlemen from Maryland, by a host of your own citizens, and United States military, than when every one that desired the punishment of these murderers and traitors was afraid to move; when the rioters—still wet with the blood of innocent and peaceable men—were triumphing in their victory, and their confederates congratulating themselves upon successful treason! Why, sir, did you not show your promptness then? You applaud the decision, energy and promptness of the Lancaster county officers, and in this I most heartily concur; but in proportion as you praise them you condemn yourself. You knew of the insurrectionary movement before they did. If they had waited, as you did, until the fifth day, to do what ought to have been done on the first, you could not have applauded them. You must, therefore, sir, be self-condemned.

Do you know that thirty-six hours passed before one writ was taken out against these men?—Do you know that Mr. Thompson, the State's Attorney, and Mr. Reigart, to protect their own lives and to quell the spirit of resistance which fortified the traitors, and terrified the loyal, had to collect a posse of men from ironworks and diggings on the railroad? Do you know that not a magistrate or constable would act until compelled; that the sheriff refused to act; that your Attorney General, true to his superior, would not aid these men whose activity you now so zealously commend?

With these facts, sir, before us, we cannot be charged with calumny in saying, that we do honestly believe that your proclamation would never have seen the light, had you not feared that the activity of others would censure your own indifference.

We believe that the majority of Pennsylvanians are right. We have been pleased at the zeal, and gratified with the sympathies of many we have met. But, sir, if the laws shall now be sustained; if the country shall be satisfied that Pennsylvania is right; if the South is to find that this law will not be inefficient; be assured that not one particle of the honour will be given to the Governor. We will not say that he has acted traitorously; that by his previous course he has been the indirect occasion of this outrage; that the blood of Edward Gorsuch is on his skirts; but we must say that he has not been "clear in his great office," but recreant to the trust imposed in him.

Much more in sorrow than in anger, I subscribe myself your much injured friend, J. S. GORSUCH.

THE CHRISTIANA SLAVE-HUNT.

EXAMINATION OF THE THIRTEEN PRISONERS, AND THEIR COMMITMENT FOR HIGH TREASON.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1851.

The examination of the thirteen individuals concerned in the riot at Christiana, which terminated in the death of Mr. Edward Gorsuch, was resumed before Alderman Reigart, in the Court House at Lancaster. There was a large number of strangers from Maryland and Pennsylvania in attendance.

Counsel for Prisoners—Hon. Thadeus Stevens, Gen. George Ford, George M. Kline, and O. J. Dickey, Esqs.

For Commonwealth—John L. Thompson, Esq., District Attorney, and Col. Wm. B. Fordney.

Attorney General Brent, of Maryland, was here, at the request of Governor Lowe. George L. Ashmead, Esq., of Philadelphia, attended in behalf of John W. Ashmead, Esq., United States District Attorney, whose official duties elsewhere prevented his attendance.

The District Attorney proceeded to open the case, by stating the history of the facts that he would be able to prove by testimony to be presented. He said the prisoners here in court, on examination, were charged, in the first place, with being guilty of wilful murder, not only if they had not fired guns, but even if present at the time; and two white persons were charged with aiding and abetting that murder. They were charged also, under the laws of the United States, as being in open rebellion against the Government, in defying the process of the United States officer and laws of Congress. He read the act of Congress of April 30, 1799, as to treason, and also stated, that by acts of Congress, Justices of Peace, and also other magistrates of the several States, are authorized to exercise jurisdiction as prescribed on primary proceedings, in cases of crimes and offences against the United States.

Henry M. Kline being sworn, produced his commission as Deputy United States Marshal, dated March 25th, 1851, and four warrants, dated September 9th, 1851, issued by Commissioner Ingraham, of Philadelphia, for the arrest of George Hammond, Joshua Hammond, Nelson Ford and Noah Bailey. On the latter day, I started from Philadelphia to the supposed scene of operations; and Mr. Edward Gorsuch, attended by officers Agens and Tully, and two or three others, was to follow in the cars. On Thursday morning, awhile before daybreak, our party, consisting of seven persons, arrived at the Gap, where the fugitives were supposed to be housed. At the first house we came to we discovered one of the slaves. Mr. Gorsuch thought the party had better be divided. This I resisted, as there were two houses to be attacked, and our force was weak. We approached the two houses, and as we did so, a negro spied us, and ran in to give the alarm. Our party followed him, and I entered the house at his heels. The party of negroes was up stairs, and I shouted to them to come down. I told them who I was, and what I came for, and Gorsuch called to Nelson and Joshua, whom he recognised, and bade them come down. As they did not do so, I attempted to ascend the steps, but they had a sharp pronged machine with which they thrust at me, and we had to retire. While we were deliberating under the shed outside, they commenced firing at us, and I let drive with my revolver We read the warrants repeatedly aloud, so they could be heard by the people inside; and demanded of Parker, who kept the house, to surrender the two men; threatening them with the consequences of resistance He denied they were there. At this juncture one of the prisoners, Castner Hanway, a miller, of the neighbourhood, was passing on horseback, when I accosted him, requested his assistance to affect the arrest, at the same time producing my warrant. He declined giving his name, or replying to my demands. He refused assistance. I told him what the act of Congress said; he replied that he cared nothing about the act of Congress. Negroes had a right to defend themselves. In the meantime a crowd of negroes had come up, armed with guns, knives, corn-cutters, &c. There were about fifty guns among them. Elijah Lewis, another of the prisoners, a storekeeper coming up, I applied to him as I had done to Hanway, showing my authority He likewise declined to assist; and desired me to leave the neighbourhood or there would be blood shed. By this time some seventy negroes had mustered around us. Mr. Lewis walked off and as he did so, was joined by Hanway, and said something to the crowd of negroes who stood about 100 yards away from us. With this they set up a shout. "He is only a deputy," and fired at us like a company of soldiers. I fled and concealed myself in a cornfield. I did not see Mr. Gorsuch fall. Saw Mr. Dickinson Gorsuch come out of the lane bleeding from the mouth. Saw Dr. Pearce run off down the lane. Mr Lewis went off and entered his mill. I came out of the corn; called to a white boy to come and help me; that a man was killed; that we wanted a doctor for a wounded man. The boy refused to come. Could get no help. Warned the negroes to stand off or I should shoot; recognised the prisoners, Morgan, Simms, Moore and the boy Scott, in the crowd before firing began; told them I should know them again. Morgan had a corn-cutter, or something like it, in hand; afterwards arrested him at a negro hut; was sitting in front of the door; raised an axe to strike me; I caught it, and told him that he had slept at the house of a man named Coates; the three men with me told him; Scott told me he had slept out that night; they had warning of us coming.

Cross-examined by Mr Stevens—Cannot say exactly what time it was when the affray commenced; about 6 o'clock, after daylight; Mr. Hanway and Mr. Lewis appeared about 20 minutes before the firing commenced; the first firing took place towards Parker's house, down by it; was not two hundred yards from the spot where Mr. Gorsuch was shot; those four coloured men I have identified I think were in the first party of negroes; they went down the lane to the house; another party came up from the creek and fired at me; these men were with the first party; after that party had fired near the house, they followed Dr. Pearce.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

Dr. T. F. G. Pearce, nephew of late Mr. Gorsuch, being sworn, said: On approaching the house had received a blow in the right eye from a missile of some kind thrown from the house; I warned my uncle to be careful, as a gun was levelled at him from a window above; he being outside the house; was near by when Kline spoke to Hanway; Hanway replied, "You had better go home; you can't make any arrests here," and added something about "blood;" what, I didn't understand; the Marshal called to us to retire; as we did so, my uncle was struck, and fell; my impression is he was shot while in the act of falling; when endeavouring to arise he was shot at; as the slave, Noah Bailey, came near him, my impression is, he shot him; young Gorsuch advanced and fired at this moment, and then his pistol was struck from his hand and he was shot down; as he fell the negroes raised a terrific shout; we retired; as I did so was repeatedly shot at; twenty or thirty shots must have passed through my clothes; came to where Mr. Hanway was standing; implored him to stop the firing; he said he could not, but shouted to them to desist; I have one shot in my shoulder blade, one in my side, and one in my wrist.

Cross-examined by Mr. Stevens.—On Joshua Gorsuch asking to be taken up behind Hanaway, he refused, and rode off; he said he could do nothing for us; the negroes could have intercepted my retreat if they had closed up, but I kept them off with my revolver; I saw one negro strike Gorsuch on the head, but think it was with a gun; in the evening, I went to Mr. Levi Pownall's house, near the scene of action, to see Mr Dickinson Gorsuch; he was shot in the posterior part, right arm; there were twenty or thirty shots; his side contained about forty, and they entered his lungs; Mr. Joshua Gorsuch is at his home in Maryland; he was at the scene of action; was wounded in the posterior part of his head, a cut two or three inches long; he is recovering; Kline, the Marshal, fired his revolver after the first fire from the windows at Parker's house; don't recollect any firing having taken place except at the house; after I went in search of the Marshal, did not see him until the whole affray was over; don't recollect that Mr. Hanway told the negroes not to fire; I thought he used his influence to repel them; I have said I believed Mr. Hanway had been the means of turning back a portion of the negroes and of saving my life; there were several negroes on horseback; the Marshal fired no shot, except one at the house, that I know of.

Nicholas T. Hutchings was also examined, and corroborated in the main the testimony of the witnesses. He saw Noah Bailey, one of Mr. Gorsuch's slaves, at the scene of action, on a gray horse; he loaded his gun in the presence of Mr. Hanway and Mr. Lewis—afterwards saw him fire it; the first firing was from Parker's house

Nathan Nelson being sworn, testified to most facts stated by the witnesses. He saw Noah Bailey, the slave, among the crowd of negroes, armed with a gun.

George Washington Harvey Scott, a coloured lad, who had turned States' evidence, was sworn. Was called out about three o'clock in the morning by prisoner, John Morgan, to help in preventing negroes from being taken at Parker's house; had no gun; saw Mr. Gorsuch shot; think prisoner, Henry Simms, shot him; saw Morgan strike him from behind with a corn-cutter; Hanway was on foot, walking about among the coloured people; horns were blown from Parker's house; coloured people came from every direction; I am a blacksmith; live at Peningtonville; no white men had come when I first got to Parker's house; I lay hid in the corner of the fence, asleep, until the firing began.

William Proudfoot testified to seeing prisoner, Jacob Moore, on his way, on the morning of the catastrophe, towards Parker's house, with a gun in his hand; remonstrated with him in vain.

Miller Knott, being affirmed, said he had gone t Parker's house at first alarm; met Isaiah Clarkson who said, "There's a man they've shot sitting against a tree, and another down in the lane;" went to the lane; found old Mr. Gorsuch lying about fifty feet from the house, not quite dead; returned to young Mr. Gorsuch; some eighty or one hundred negroes came from the direction of the house, but turned off into the field, before coming to where we were; Clarkson is said to be a preacher; Hanway's mill is about half a mile off; and Lewis's store about one and a half miles off; they had nothing I know of to take them to the neighbourhood of Parker's.

Cross-examined by Mr. Stevens—I had no inducement to take me to the place, except the firing, which was rapid; I knew nothing of it beforehand.

Hon. Thaddeus Stevens proceeded to open the case for the defence. He observed that the course pursued by the District Attorney made it proper that he should briefly state the testimony which the defense would produce. A great crime—the crime of murder—had been committed in this county. All our citizens equally deplored it. It seemed, from the evidence already given that a citizen of Maryland had been murdered by his own slaves, in the unlawful attempt to secure their freedom. The perpetrators, when ascertained and secured, would receive the punishment due to their crimes. The question now was, (said he) who are the guilty parties? No witness had in any way implicated any of the accused now present, except one man—the Marshal, Henry H. Kline—and the boy, Harvey Scott. Kline stated that Hanway and Lewis were in the road at the mouth of the lane, one hundred yards from Parker's house, and refused to aid in the arrest of the fugitives, declaring that they did not care for the act of Congress, which Kline expounded to them. He also proved that the coloured persons now arrested were present, aiding the murder. The coloured boy (Scott,) had sworn that he was present at the murder; had seen Simms shoot Mr. Gorsuch, and also seen Morgan hit him on the head with a corn cutter. He had likewise, stated that he had seen Hanway walking on foot in the lane, among the coloured people, before the firing began; and that he did not return home to Mr. Kerr's, where he worked, until fter 10 o'clock in the morning. All the witnesses stated the murder was perpetrated between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning. In order to show, (continued the learned counsel) what brought Lewis and Hanway (two highly respectable citizens) to the place, we will show that within the last six months or a year, two coloured persons, who had long resided in that neighbourhood, and had families, with whom they were living had been kidnapped in the night time by ruffians, without any pretence of authority, and carried by force into Slavery, from whence they had never returned. And being asked to aid in the arrest, they refused, stating that it was impossible, seeing the number of armed blacks present, and advised the Marshal to desist, or blood would be shed. They then retired. Their defiance of law is a bold—a bold—perfidy of the creature Kline who alone asserts it. His testimony we will destroy by proving that he has perjured himself in the course of the investigation in more than a dozen instances. He swears positively to the presence of the prisoners; he is particularly positive of John Morgan.—We will prove, by unimpeachable testimony, by four white and three coloured witnesses that John Morgan, from Wednesday at 5 o'clock till Thursday night, was not within three miles of the scene of action; that he slept on Wednesday night with Henry Cole, at the house of Benj Cole, seven miles from Parker's; that he was seen at 5 o'clock Thursday morning at the Swan Tavern four miles from Parker's, and seen going to his work at Penningtonville; that between 5 and 6 o'clock he was seen by three respectable witnesses between the Swan and Penningtonville; that he breakfasted with his employer at 6 o'clock, and remained all day at work in his lumber and coal yard. Simms will be proved, in like manner, by five white gentlemen of high character to have been employed from daylight of the day the tragedy was ended until Thursday, at his regular business, from two to three miles distant. The most wicked perjury will be proved against the boy Scott, by whom suborned we do not now state; certainly by none of the respectable relatives of the deceased; but as certainly by some of the worthless agents whom the prosecution have used in the prosecution of this unfortunate affair. Harvey Scott lived with Mr. John Kerr, a blacksmith, from three to four miles distant from Parker's; he worked with him as striker and blower; he slept in the garret of a two-story brick house; Mr. Kerr's grand-daughters, who had been on a visit to his home for a week or more, slept in a room through which Scott passed to his garret; during their stay the door leading to Scott's room has every night been fastened on the outside, and in the morning unfastened. to let Scott out. On Wednesday night, Mr. Cochran, Mr. Kerr's son-in-law, who lived in the same house, saw Scott go to bed Mr. Kerr fastened the door. In the morning, at the break of day, he unfastened the door, and called Scott to get up. He answered, came down, brought up the cows, took breakfast, went to the shop, and worked with Mr. K. during the whole day. This will be clearly proved by both Mr. K. and Mr. C. If we prove these facts, nothing will be left to implicate any of the accused but the undoubted perjury of Kline and Scott. The proof of the absence of the other prisoners will be equally conclusive—that one of the victims had been knocked down, wounded in various places, before he was bound with ropes, and that the trial of the kidnappers was traced towards the Maryland line, by the blood which streamed from the wounded man; and two of the perpetrators of those offenses, William Bear and Perry Marsh, were known to be in the neighbourhood when this affair occurred, on the 11th of September; that all the good people of the neighbourhood were much excited by these outrages; that of the morning on the 11th inst., Lewis and Hanway were informed (after the first firing at the house) that Parker's house was surrounded by kidnappers, who were attempting to kidnap him. Parker was known to be a free man.—They immediately started, with arms, to protect him. When they reached the spot, and found that these were regular officers, with proper authority to arrest slaves, they said that they would have nothing to do with it.

John Bodily, for the defence, said he was at the junction of two lanes before the second firing commenced; Hanway and Kline were there; no words passed between them; two gentlemen coming from the house said they feared there was no chance; the marshal walked towards the house; Hanway in an opposite direction, and did not speak to a coloured person as he went away.

Cross-examined—Was there at 7 o'clock; live some 400 yards from Parker's; saw Lewis about 6 o'clock; when I first came there were a half-dozen standing at the end of the lane; the firing did not commence until these six joined the main body; was there 10 or 15 minutes; when the marshal went away I think one or two went with him.

Isaac Rogers—Heard the noise, and went down from my house, 900 or 1,100 yards; met Castner Hanway, riding away from the direction of the firing, in company with two other whites; he was saying to the negroes, "boys, don't fire;" one of them did fire at Dr. Pearce, and when he had done so, a negro standing by him asked why he did not shoot him; the one who had fired said he was out of powder and shot.

Cross-examined- Didn't see Lewis until about 10 o'clock of that day; he was in the crowd, about the body of Gorsuch; there was no attempt to interfere with the negroes after Hanway left; when I got home, saw a man (Mr. Dickinson Gorsuch) coming up to my house, wounded and fainting; I went out to assist him, but the boys threatened to kill me if I did so.

Defendants offered to prove that two negroes had been kidnapped from that vicinity, within the last two years, by force and violence, at night, and had never been heard of since. The Aldermen refused to hear or record the testimony. It was offered to show why the negroes assembled at Parker's that morning, believing that kidnappers were about. The magistrate refused to record even the fact that such evidence had been offered on his minutes.

Lewis Cooper, affirmed—His evidence offered to show contradictions in the testimony of Deputy-Marshal Kline. Rejected by the magistrate. He had had conversations with Lewis about Fugitive Slave Law; Lewis said it was an obnoxious law, but should not be resisted; it would have to be obeyed. Was on the Coroner's jury; the verdict founded on a *post mortem* examination; no one had seen the deceased until dead.

John Carr affirmed—Is a blacksmith; lives some three miles from Hanway's mill; had the boy Scott in his employ; boy slept in an inner room; had to pass through a room in which witness's grandchildren slept; the door of his room was always fastened after he had passed in; was so on the night previous to the Gap riot; saw him go to bed, and fastened the door; called him at daylight; saw him make the fire and go after the cow; was gone fifteen minutes, and then came into the shop and went to work; worked all the morning.

John S. Cochran corroborated the testimony of Carr.

Benjamin Elliot being sworn, said—I saw John Morgan on Thursday morning, the 11th of the month, between daylight and sun-up, a little after 5 o'clock, just by the Swan tavern, on the Strasburg road, about a mile north of Penningtonville; I suppose it is over four miles to go to Parker's house, round by Penningtonville, from the Swan tavern

Jesse I. Morgan affirmed—I have known John Morgan since last Spring; I saw him on Thursday morning; I suppose a little before sunrise; the shop I occupy adjoins Mr. Haslin's, where Morgan is employed; I saw Morgan going toward Mr. Haslin's house, to breakfast, I suppose; I saw him several times during the same day; I know it was Thursday because it was rather an eventful day on account of the riot; about eight or nine o'clock on that day I saw a crowd of persons at the hotel, and went over, and there heard of it; Kline was then among them; I did not hear Kline say that Morgan was one of the party, and I did not assent to it; I think it was the same evening that he was arrested.

Alfred Powell sworn—On Thursday morning, when the murder was perpetrated, I saw John Morgan; he helped to unload coal for William Haslin, at Penningtonville, about sun-up; I left him unloading when I was called to breakfast; he came in before I was done, and as I got up to go away, he sat down; it might have been about 6 o'clock, or sun-up, when I saw him; I saw him during the day; he went to Jacob's lime kiln to unload coal; it was about one-eighth of a mile distant; about 7 o'clock, or a little later, he came back to help me again; he was in the yard until dinner time; I am sure it was Thursday.

Cross-examined—I know it was on Thursday, because I went to Columbia on Monday, loaded on Tuesday, came back on Wednesday, and went back to Columbia on Thursday; Charles Valentine was helping us in the yard; Morgan didn't help us on Wednesday; he had gone to town and commenced work on Thursday.

Henry Cole sworn—I live in Sadsbury township, Chester county, close to the Black-Horse post-office; John Morgan was at my house on Wednesday night before the murder was committed; on Wednesday evening, when I got home from work, Morgan was sitting on my porch; about 11 o'clock by my watch, lit Morgan up stairs to bed; when I got up in the morning he was gone; my house is about three and a half miles north of Penningtonville.

Cross-examined—Morgan and I are acquaintances; he had been in the habit of coming to my house to see me, and staying all night; he had spent several nights with me during the summer; my wife and my brother Benjamin were there; he slept in the same bed with my brother Benjamin, up stairs.

Elizabeth and Benjamin Cole testified to Morgan being in the house until an hour before day, and otherwise confirmed the testimony of Henry Cole.

Richard Jacobs, affirmed—Lives in Penningtonville; saw Morgan at twenty minutes before 5 o'clock on Thursday morning, passing lime kiln; Parker's about three miles off; after came from breakfast, saw him unloading coal-cart; this may have been fifteen or twenty minutes past six; saw him at work at Haslin's during the day.

Wm. Noble, sworn—Lives about 1 1-4 miles east of Parker's; Henry Simms lives down the creek, still farther from Parker's; about sunrise on Thursday heard Simms ask my father for his oxen; saw him again about three-quarters of an hour later at Ann's Mills; he brought the oxen back about 11 o'clock.

Peter Martin, sworn—Helped Simms yoke the oxen on that Thursday morning; knew it was Thursday as there were only two days to Sunday; George Williams and Simms took the team towards Brosin's.

Henry Brosin, affirmed—Simms and Williams came to my house on Thursday; Simms had engaged the cart the day before; when they had put the oxen in the cart they started off in a direction opposite to Parkers; this was between 6 and 7 o'clock A. M.; about 9 I met him bringing the cart back; he seemed not to have heard of the riot.

George Sterret, affirmed—Lives between Mr. Noble's and Brosin's; saw Williams and Simms pass my place; the sun was about 10 minutes high.

Alfred Powell, recalled—I saw Simms at Penningtonville on Thursday morning; he came there with an ox cart for boards, about 7 o'clock; there was another man with him; don't know who he was; they went homeward down the Wilmington road.

The defence here rested its case, and the prosecution resumed.

George Jordan, sworn—Reside at Parkersburg; was at Penningtonville on the day of the murder went with Kline on Friday to arrest Morgan; found Morgan beside his house stooping; had an axe in his hand; as we approached him he raised his axe; seized him by the neck, and Kline thrust his revolver in his face, and threatened to blow his brains out; Kline said to him, "You were there, I can swear I saw you; he said, "I was not; I was down at Cole's that night"

Cross-examined by Mr. Stevens—I am not doing any thing particular at Parkersburgh; I am waiting for a job; I have been there three months, doing nothing that whole time; I saw no warrant; none was shown to Morgan; Constable Proudfoot started to go with us; no warrant was demanded.

Isaac Hines, sworn—I live in Lancaster; I was along when Morgan was arrested; I saw no warrant; when Kline ran to him, Morgan raised the axe right up.

Jacob Wood, sworn—Mr. Lewis came to me that morning; told me Parker's house was surrounded by kidnappers; that it was no time to take up potatoes; I went to Parker's place; after we got there I didn't see Lewis.

Cross-examined by Mr. Stevens—Mr. Lewis did not tell me to take my arms with me; he had no arms; he said nothing more to me than I have said; I heard no horns blowing but our breakfast horn; the Williams were not armed.

The testimony here closed.

Mr. Thompson asked that the five be committed to answer the charge of high treason. 1 Laws U. S., p. 43, § 33, Act of Sept. 24, 1789.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

At nine o'clock, A M., Ald. Reigart gave his decision. He observed: "After a careful examination into the facts of this melancholy tradegy, which occurred on the morning of September 11th, in the county of Lancaster, and from the solemn oaths and affirmations of many good and respectable citizens, their testimony before us, we are satisfied that Edward Gorsuch, of Maryland, whilst in in pursuit of his own property, in the township of Sadbury, was cruelly murdered by an armed band of blacks, aided and abetted by whites.—That others were severely wounded; and the officer of the the United States goverment was resited by force and arms, whilst in the performance of his duty, under the authority of the acts of Congress, is also testified to. Without commenting upon that which will ever be lamented by the good citizens of this county, who are ever ready to respect and obey these laws, made by the people themselves, we feel it to be our solemn duty to commit Castner Hanway, Elijah Lewis, John Morgan, Henry Sims Jacob Moore, Lewis Clarkson, Charles Hunter, Lewis Gales, George and Jacob Woods, as charged with the crime of treason against the United States, and aiding and abetting in the murder of Edward Gorsuch, a worthy citizen of the State of Maryland; and we have accordingly drawn up the following commitment:

THE COMMITMENT.

State of Pennsylvania, Lancaster County, ss.—The United States of America, to the Marshal of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, and to the keeper of the Philadelphia County Prison, in Moyamensing District, in Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania, greeting: Whereas, complaint, on oath, hath been made, before the subscriber, J. Franklin Reigart, an Alderman in and for the city of Lancaster, and State of Pennsylvania, charging that Castner Hanway and others, persons owing allegiance to the said United States, have committed treason against the United States, by levying war against them, and by knowingly, wilfully, traitorously and unlawfully assembling, on the 11th day of September, A. D., 1851, at the County of Lancaster, aforesaid, armed with guns and other firearms, with a great multitude of other persons, with intent forcibly and traitorously to resist and obstruct the laws of the United States; and, being so assembled, by forcibly, traitorously and unlawfully, in pursuance of such intent, resisting, and obstructing, and preventing the execution of a general law of the United States, to wit, the Act of Congress entitled, "An Act to amend, and supplementary to the Act entitled, 'An Act respecting Fugitives from Justice, and Persons Escaping from the Service of their Masters; approved February 12, 1793'—Approved, Sept. 18, 1850."

And whereas, the said charges have been heard before the subscriber; and upon due consideration of the testimony, the said Castner Hanway and others have been committed to answer the said charges. Now, therefore, you are hereby commanded to take into your custody, and keep and retain, the said Castner Hanway and others, and them safely keep, to answer said charges at the next sessions of the Circuit Court of the said United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, or until otherwise discharged by due coure of law. Witness the hand and seal of said Aldermen, this 28th day of September, A. D, 1851.

J. FRANKLIN REIGART, [Seal.]
Alderman.

The commitment was then handed to Hon. Anthony E. Roberts, Marshal, who immediately took the prisoners into custody, and started in the cars with them to Philadelphia.

——THE AFRICAN EMIGRATION.—The brig Zeno cleared for Liberia a few days since from this port under the patronage of the American Colonisation Society, with 40 coloured emigrants.

——A PARTY of jovial and "far-seeing" Canadians called a meeting at the Revere House on Saturday, just before leaving the city, and passed the following very expressive resolutions:

Resolved, That there is *one* place in the United States besides New York.

Resolved, That that place is *Boston.—Boston Commonwealth.*

——COLLEGE IN LIBERIA.—We (*Journal of Commerce*) learn from the Colonisation Journal, published by the N. Y. State Colonisation Society, that by a residuary legacy left to that Society for the support of young coloured men in such an institution, a fund of about $25,000 will soon be available; while, by the liberal donation of another of our benefactors, who considers education the great need of Africa, two scholarships of $1500 each have been endowed, and directions given to President Roberts at once to select suitable persons, and have them in an immediate course of preparation.

——EVERY TIME an outrage is committed in the North, on a claimant of runaway slaves, about five hundred submissionist papers instantly declare that the law will now be tested, and that, hereafter, it will be obeyed. The law has been tested so much, has been vindicated so often by editors and judges, that according to all these papers, it ought to be the most effective law in the land.

But it won't work. And we rather think the South has, by this time, sacrificed enough money, time and blood to make it work.—*Southern Press*

——WHOLESALE CHURCH DISCIPLINE.—In South Carolina, recently, among the Baptists known as Hard Shells, from their anti-mission and anti-temperance views, three ministers were expelled from the Church by vote, for joining the Sons of Temperance. The vote of exclusion stood seventy in favour to twenty-nine against. Then the difficulty arose what to do with those who voted in the minority? "They believe," says the paper giving an account of it, "we ought not to turn a man out of Church for joining the Sons of Temperance, and living sober lives, thereby believing that we have done wrong. This is a grievous and wicked offence, and its perpetrators must be punished. But this difficulty was soon answered by Br. Elial Pennell, who moved that all those who voted in the minority be expelled from this Church! And, this motion being seconded, the Moderator made the announcement, that, if any one objected to this motion, let him rise; but, none being disposed to rise, he announced the fact the Rev. John W. Jones, Rev. J. J. Watts, and Rev Robt. N. Steele, with twenty-nine other members, were expelled from the Baptist Church.—*N. Y. Observer.*

——DANIEL AND HIS LETTER.—The editor of the *St. Catharines* (Canada) *Journal*, in his issue of the 16th instant., says, that he saw Daniel a few days ago and had the curiosity to ask him about that famous letter which preceded his hegira to Canada, and, in reply, was assured by Daniel that he could neither read or write, and that the letter was brought to him, all written, and he was asked to sign it, which he did, nothing loth, presuming, doubtless, that it would do him no harm if it did him no good, in the place where he expected to end his days.

Now there is one thing in this connection that we would like particularly to know of the editors of the *Express*, and they must admit that it is not often we apply to them for information; but we would like to know if those gentlemen were aware all the time of Daniel's sentiments about the relative advantages of Canada and Kentucky, as a residence for a young coloured man of small means and large expectations, and if they knew that he was playing possum, and that when he said Kentucky he meant Canada, and if it was his judicious deceit, his cunningly devised falsehood, that so won upon the admiration of our contemporary, and evoked all those handsome compliments the other day, to Daniel's extraordinary endowment, if, not, John Nott, why not?—*Evening Post.*

——THE RANDOLPH NEGROES.—One or two years ago, some itinerant correspondent, dealing in petty wares, stated through one of the newspapers that the Randolph slaves, emancipated and carried into Ohio, were miserably off, and anxious to return. The slander served as a text for many a sermon, among those who imagine Slavery to be God's best gift to the negro, and then died out. Some other itinerate has lately revived the story, and we see it discoursed upon by grave newspapers, as solemnly as was the letter of "Daniel in the den," which he refused to endorse when out of the den. The *Piqua* (O,) *Register*, a Whig paper, published in the neighbourhood of these freemen of Randolph, gives the story its quietus, as follows:

"We find the above in the *National Intelligencer* of the 26th ult., and copy it for the purpose of correcting the statement in regard to the Randolph negroes.—However correct the writer may be in his observations he has been led into error in regard to these negroes by those from whom he derived his information. A large majority of the Randolph negroes, instead of being, as represented, worthless pests upon the community in which they are located, are honest, industrious people, supporting themselves and families in comfort, and some of them accumulating good property. Upon the whole they have exceeded the expectations of those who were most sanguine in respect to their success."

——CAPTAIN A. S. HENRY, a son of the great Patrick Henry, announces in the *Lynchburgh Republican* that he shall no longer act with the Whig party as heretofore. He says he has frequently differed with the Whigs in the past, "and particularly do I differ with them on the great absorbing paramount issue of the day, viz: The Slavery question. The coincidence between my principles and those of the Democratic party being much more complete than with the Whig party, I shall, in future, act with the former, at least so long as they stand up for the true interests of the country, in their present gallant style. A. S. HENRY.

——THE "TRAGEDY."—A correspondent of *The Tribune* writing from Richmond, Va, says: "The Chritiana riot is considerably discussed here; in fact all honest men agree that it was nothing more or less than a common riot and attendant homicide—in fact, where's the treason? The men shot were not clothed with legal powers; besides which, they commenced the resort to arms. Virginia opinions, like Virginia actions, are conservative—from policy; they both hate and fear the North; in fact, the press is hampered. One of the editors of the new penny paper, which professes to be the most independent, thinks public opinion too strong to oppose."

——"ANOTHER FAILURE.—The firm of Bowen & McNamee, of New York, failed yesterday for a large amount."

The above scandalous libel appeared as editorial in Tuesday's *Journal and Courier*, New Haven, Connecticut. It is a weak invention of the enemy, and a wicked one withal. There is not a mercantile or banking house, in this city, of any character, that does not know that Messrs. Bowen & McNamee's credit is at this time, perfectly unimpeachable, and that the report in the New Haven paper, is an unqualified if not a malignant falsehood. We learn that the gentlemen referred to have taken steps to punish the libelers, and for this purpose an action has been instituted against the New Haven print for damages to the amount of $50,000, and that a criminal action for libel will immediately be commenced.

We trust these proceedings on the part of Messrs. Bowen & McNamee will lead to the discovery and ultimate punishment of the party or parties who imposed this atrocious story upon the *Courier and Journal*; we say imposed, for we cannot bring ourselves to believe that that print had any intention to trifle with the character and credit of the firm which was the subject of its criminal allusion.—*Evening Post.*

——METHODISTS ON SLAVERY.—The following are two of the resolutions passed at the Michigan Annual Conference, at its recent session in Monroe. There were over a hundred ministers in attendance:

Resolved, That all active aid and all passive concurrence rendered to the extension of Slavery beyond its original limits into territory now free, is a crime calling for repentance on the part of the guilty, and that every individual is most sacredly bound to use every righteous means, civil, social, political and religious, to prevent the further extension of this national sin.

Resolved, That an important part of this great system of sin is exhibited in that document usually called the Fugitive Slave Bill; a document which, being itself wicked, and assuming to enjoin the commitment of wickedness upon God's responsible beings, has not, and cannot have, the force of an obligatory law, and that the framing, voting for, executing, morally sustaining, and not morally opposing, by every possible righteous means, this document is a great crime against humanity and a heinous sin against God; nevertheless, the proper course for every Christian man in regard to its execution, is not physical resistance, but simple nonobedience.

——ABOLITION MORALITY.—We say—and the South may act at its pleasure in believing the assurance—that the whole North is essentially, necessarily, hostile to the requirements of the Fugitive Slave Law. They go directly against the grain. Few of us have any special love for negroes, but no man born and reared in a free State can have anything to do with the recapture of a fugitive from Slavery without feeling debased and disgraced by the act. The very deputy marshals feel that they are engaged in dirty business when in pursuit of a fugitive slave. If this sort of work did not pay better than honest, *bona fide* work, nobody would be found to do it.

We take the above beautiful *morceau* from *The New York Tribune*. It proves two things—first, that the North will never become reconciled to Slavery—that it will never carry out the laws in regard to it in good faith; and second, that these scurvy, hypocritical knaves will,—for base hire,—for "pay,"—be induced to descend to any "debased" and "disgraceful" employment under heaven, that will not inevitably bring their necks to the halter.

What an acknowledgment! To carry out the Fugitive Slave Act is "essentially," "necessarily" offensive to the whole mass of the Northern people—going directly "against their grain," and maintaining a law which they consider and pronounce to be in every respect execrable and infamous; yet, notwithstanding all this, for "pay," they will do it! And, Horace Greeley, who glories in the avowal of such "Sing Sing" morality, professes to be an honest man!—*Montgomery* (Ala.) *Atlas.*

MARRIED.

FLAGG—MAC NEILL—On Wednesday, the 24th September, at Grace Church, Brooklyn, by the Rev. Dr. Croswell, of New Haven, Rev. Edward O. Flagg, rector of Trinity Church, Norwich. Ct., and Eliza W. daughter of Gen. Wm. Gibbs Mac Neill, of this city.

SILLIMAN—WEBB—In Woodstock, Conn., 14th Sept. Professor Benjamin Silliman, LL. D., to Mrs. Sarah Isabella Webb, daughter of John McClellan, Esq. of W.

GAMMELL—IVES—In Providence, R. I., 22d inst. William Gammell, Professor in Brown University, to Elizabeth Amory, daughter of Mr Robert H. Ives.

BENTON—CULBERTSON—At Muscatine, Sept. 16, Hon. T. H. Benton, Jr., (nephew of Senator Benton, Superintendent of Public Instruction,) to Miss Susan Culbertson, of that city.

DEATHS.

LIVINGSTON—At his residence on the Hudson, on the 25th ult., Hon John R. Livingston, aged 98.

NEILSON, JR.—In this city, on Monday, Sept, 22, John Neilson, Jr., in the 53d year of his age.

HICKS—In Brooklyn, Tuesday morning Sept. 23, Edgar Hicks, aged 41 years.

CLEVELAND—In Hampton, Ct., Sept. 24th, John J. Cleveland, Esq., late Clerk of the U. S. District Court of Connecticut.

LARNARD—At Philadelphia, Sept. 21, Julia H. Larnard wife of Rev. Samuel Larnard, and daughter of T. Sanford, of Mobile, aged 27 years.

HUTCHINSON—In Lynn, Sept. 10, Mrs. Susan W., wife of Mr. Jesse Hutchinson, aged 36, and daughter of Mr. James Hartshorn, of Nashua.

LYON—At Detroit, Mich., Hon. Lucius Lyon, formerly U. S. Senator from Michigan.

Kimberton Farm at Public Sale.

WILL be sold at public sale, on the premises, on Second day, Monday, the 20th day of Tenth month, October next, the property well known as the Kimberton Farm, for a long time occupied as a

BOARDING SCHOOL,

situate in Chester county, 30 miles from Philadelphia, 3 miles from the Reading Railroad Station at Phœnixville, and 3 miles from the Chester Springs, on a Daily Mail Stage route from Phœnixville to Lancaster. The Farm contains about

175 *ACRES*

of land, of an excellent quality, in a high state of cultivation and well watered, with a reasonable proportion of woodland; a large proportion in grass, and well adapted to grazing. Iron Ore is believed to be abundant on the Farm The buildings are a spacious stone

DWELLING HOUSE

80 feet front, with gothic portico, and grounds tastefully laid out; extensive back buildings, with conveniences for the accommodation of 80 boarders. Abundance of pure spring water is distributed, by a forcing pump, through different parts of the building, amply sufficient for household and bathing purposes

The Farm Buildings are also of Stone, substantial and commodious: a large Barn, with Stabling.—Wagon-house, Carriage-house, Ice-house, &c. The locality, on account of its salubrity, the abundance and purity of the water, the beauty of the grounds contiguous to the dwelling, and of the surrounding country, is desirable either for the accommodation of a School, or a Summer Boarding House, as it is within two hours' ride of Philadelphia. Also 46 acres, adjoining the above, will be sold at the same time.

☞ For further particulars inquire of Henry Kimber, residing on the premises; or of Isaac Jackson, No. 70 Marshall st., R. V. Massey, 205 N. Fourth st., J. Warner, 225 N Fourth st., or of Thomas Kimber, No. 40 N. Fourth st, Philadelphia. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, on said day, at which time the conditions will be made known by ABIGAIL KIMBER.

September 3d. 1851.

MADAME GOETZENBERGER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER I.

I WISH you had all been at old Frau Goetzenberger's last Cristmas Eve! But as you were not, and as you know nothing about it, the best thing I can do is to tell you exactly how it was, who was there, and what came of it.

Old Frau Goetzenberger lived, or rather lives—but we will speak of it in the past tense—she lived, I say, in an old University town in the south of Germany; a very old-fashioned town it was, with all sorts of old memories and traditions connected with it. The University, with its tall, red roof, looked as dark and ancient as the church, which had a tall, red roof to correspond; and the church looked quite as old as the gray lime-stone rocks which stood up, like huge, frowning walls, round the little town.

Not far from the University stood a large, heavy, dismal-looking stone building, like a great, gloomy town-hall; the lower front windows, which looked upon the street, were all guarded with strong iron-work, composed of upright bars, with iron scrolls among them, which gave it very much the appearance of a prison. In the centre of this building was a wide, round-arched gateway, in the projecting key-stone of which grinned a stone face. The face protruded its tongue from its leering mouth, its nose was curled up, and its ears were of an unusual length. It was, upon the whole, as ugly a face as you would wish to see, and it seemed to grin down upon every body who approached the gateway. So wide was this gateway that a coach-and-four might have driven into it; and, on either hand, soon after you entered, you came to a wide, stone staircase, with iron balustrades, which led up to the dwellings of many families—of a dozen at least—who inhabited this great, old house, most of them, being professors or students belonging to the University.

Between this old house and the University lay a large garden, full of trees and walks, and with a fountain, which fell into a great stone basin, in the middle of a grass plat, which was not, I am sorry to say, by any means neatly kept, for two or three milk-women cut the grass with sickles for their cows. This garden, to a certain extent, was public; that is, was common to about a dozen different houses opening into it, and which were all occupied, more or less, by people connected with the University, who had thus, as it were, a privileged private entrance either to the great University library, or to ordinary lectures and classes. Hence it was that the houses opening into this *Universitats Garten*, as it was called, brought a higher rent than any others, and the people residing there were looked upon as the *élite;* it was, in fact, the Belgravia of the town.

On the principal floor of that great, old house, with the grinning face over the door, lived the most celebrated professor in the whole University—the Herr Von Hoffman, Professor of Roman Law; a very learned man, whose fame extended over all Germany. So great, indeed, was he, that the King, not many years before, had presented him with a patent of nobility, and hence it was that he had *Von* before his name. He was, in fact, the Herr Baron Von Hoffman; but he preferred being called simply the Herr Professor, because he had more pleasure in being a great teacher than in being a Baron. He was not, however, an old man; he was only a little turned forty, and this was his first year at the famous old University, when I introduce him to your knowledge.

He was a very quiet, domestic man, was this Professor Von Hoffman, and there was nothing in the world which he wished so much for as a sweet-tempered, good little wife, and a dear, happy family of pretty children. When he was only twenty, and a student at the old University of Greifswald, his domestic wishes were all the same. But he was a very poor man in those days; nevertheless, he made up his mind to marry as soon as he was able to maintain a wife and family; and more than that, to marry no one else than the pretty Ida, the youngest daughter of old Professor Schmidt, under whom he had studied Roman law, and the sweet-tempered and pretty Ida had promised to be his wife whenever he should be ready to offer her a home. But things did not fall out as either the student Eberhard or his fair Ida hoped. Old Professor Schmidt would not consent to part with his daughter Ida, who was his favourite. He was, unfortunately, a very sour-tempered, obstinate old gentleman; he said that Eberhard was too poor to marry, and could not afford to have a wife. In this way year after year went on; Ida's sister Marie married, and went away to her husband's home, and her mother, the old Professor's wife, died, and then there was nobody left to look after him but poor Ida, and, what was worst of all, the old gentleman's temper grew still more and more tyranical, because he now suffered so much from rheumatism and toothache.

There did not now seem to be the least chance in the world that Ida could ever leave her father. Eberhard had been away two years, and he grew very impatient. He had risen from *privat docet*, without any salary, to be Professor of Roman Law in the University of Tubingen. He now could abundantly afford to maintain that dear little wife that was only wanted to complete his happiness; so he wrote to Ida, saying that she must consent to marry him at once, and that, to make all easy and agreeable, the old gentleman, her father, should live with them. Ida was delighted with the proposal; not so the old Professor. For what was he to leave Griefswald? No, he had no intention of leaving it! He had not many years to live, and he was not going to be torn up by the roots for anybody! It would be the death of him. No! No! he should stop at Griefswald, and Ida might leave him if she liked; but he would never give his blessing to an undutiful child!

It was very hard both on Ida and her lover. They waited yet awhile longer; but Tubingen was a very dull place, and all the professors there were married, excepting Eberhard. So at last he wrote to Ida, saying that if she could not marry him he must look out for another wife. He quite expected that this would have determined Ida, by one means or another, to obtain her father's consent; but, instead of that, Ida, who was the most generous-hearted and most self-forgetting creature in the world, could not again anger and distress her old father by urging her wishes; and, as she knew what a loving, domestic heart was Eberhard's, and that without family life he could not be happy, she wrote, in reply, that, though it broke her heart, she must give him up, for that, to leave her old father in his present state, was impossible. She returned to him, therefore, the betrothal ring which she had faithfully worn so many years, and, with anguish of heart and many tears, of which she said nothing, sent off her letter.

The Professor received the ring, and read the letter with the deepest grief, disappointment, and some little anger. He believed that Ida's love for him was nothing in comparison with what he had felt for her. He returned to her the ring which he too had worn with equal fidelity, with a long letter which, instead of comforting, only added to her misery. For several weeks he felt very unhappy and desolate; but all his married friends and acquaintance thought it their duty to be doubly kind to him. What sisters, and nieces, and cousins, all beautiful young ladies, were introduced to him at suppers and little tea parties which were got up expressly for the occasion! and at length it appeared to him that the beautiful Caroline, only daughter of the rich Oberst or Colonel Hoffman, might probably fill the place in his heart left vacant by the loss of his Ida. Caroline, or Lina as she was called, was reckoned a great match, for her father not only wore many orders at his button hole, but was possessed of a handsome estate and house in the Saxon Switzerland, which, having come to the Colonel by his wife, would pass direct to his daughter on his death, with the simple condition of her husband taking the name of Hoffman. A very good match was this for the Professor, who, though he was growing into great reputation for learning, had nothing but his head to make money by, and his good heart to make a wife happy with, and these do not always rank as high in value as gold and silver, houses and lands.

The Professor married the beautiful Lina, and not long afterwards her father dying, her husband came into possession of the fine house and estate in the Saxon Switzerland, and assumed the excellent name of Hoffman, henceforth dropping his own undignified family name of Grun, and by which he had been betrothed to Ida Schmidt. The next event that occurred to him was the birth of a little daughter, who was called after her mother Lina, and soon afterwards he received from his sovereign that patent of nobility which I have mentioned, and which was bestowed upon him in consequence of his great learning, and henceforth he was the Herr Baron Von Hoffman.

But wonderful as was the Professor's outward prosperity, his domestic happiness was not to be of very long continuance. Four years after his marriage, his wife died, leaving him no other child than his little Lina, then about three years old. Very desolate was now the Professor's heart and home. As time went on, and the acuteness of the grief caused by the death of his wife a little wore off, he thought about equally of Ida, his first love, and Lina, his child's mother. People wondered that he did not marry again. With his reputation, his title, and his fine estate in the Saxon Switzerland, he might marry any lady in the land. I believe he knew that very well, but, as I said before, he thought a great deal about poor Ida and her hard life with the cross old gentleman her father. He thought so much, indeed, that five years after his wife's death, when his little Lina was eight years old, he set off during the University *Ferien* or holidays on a journey to the north, taking Greifswald in his way. He did not tell a single soul that he did so, but I mention it to you in confidence.

Well, the first thing he did when he arrived at Griefswald was to inquire after old Professor Schmidt and his family. He made his inquiries from an old woman who was knitting by the side of a wood, while a white goat, fastened to her apron string by a long chain, was feeding, and she was keeping two cows, which were likewise grazing, within bounds.

"Of Herr Professor Schmidt ask you?" said the old woman; "he's been dead and buried these six years."

"And Fraulein Ida?"

"No; she's not here. She was an angel! What a daughter she was! She never thought her duty hard; and yet it is unknown what she had to bear, and yet I know, for I was sick-nurse in that family for years. Ah, Fraulein Ida! she would have made any man happy; she was such an angel; many's the good chance for herself that she sacrificed to her duty to her father. You never knew Fraulein Ida, then?" asked the old woman.

The Professor made a sort of sound which she understood to mean no, therefore she went on: "Then you never knew what an angel she was? She was cruelly used, sir, by a student; but he's a learned professor now, they tell me; one Eberhard Grun. You, may be, may know him, and can tell me what's become of him, for he studied in Griefswald?"

Again the Professor made that peculiar sound which passed for a negative, and the old woman went on: "No; I dare say you don't; but no good could come to him, that's certain. He's married, however, and he was betrothed to Fraulein Ida for several years. I never shall forget her reading of his marriage to her father, for she always read the newspapers to him, and he would have every word: she dropped down in a fainting fit when she read that, and if it had not been for me, who had just come in to tell the Herr Professor that his bran-bath was ready, she would have fallen on the stove. Poor Fraulein Ida! and when her friends said to her, as many did at first, how heartless was that Eberhard Grun, to leave her as he had done, she used to say, with tears in her eyes, 'Don't blame him. I don't blame him myself. It is a good thing if he does not suffer as I do; and I hope he doesn't.' That was the way she talked. But she's gone from Griefswald now," continued the old woman. "When the Herr Professor died, he left her nothing but his books and papers, and they were not worth much; and soon after his death, Mrs. Bernhard, the eldest daughter, died also; she had been a widow some years, but she was well off; she left a child, a beautiful little girl, to Fraulein Ida's care, with a small legacy, which brings her in a little income, and after that Fraulein Ida and her little orphan niece went to live with an old aunt of the late Herr Bernhard, but where nobody knows. They did live at Cassell for a time, but they are gone away; but go where she will, heaven's blessing will light on her, sooner or later; of that I am sure."

"Perhaps," said the Herr Professor Von Hoffman, in a voice which was very husky, but which the old woman, not knowing him, supposed to be natural to him; "perhaps she may be married by this time."

The old woman almost screamed at the idea.

"Married!" repeated she; "married by this time!" and, in her impatience, she gave the poor little goat such a sudden pluck by its chain, that, thinking the tuft of yellow ragwort at which it was smelling was some forbidden fruit, it set up a sharp bleat and gave a great leap so far in a contrary direction, that the old woman was pulled in her turn. "Married by this time!" repeated she once more; "you gentlemen know nothing about women! Fraulein Ida Schmidt will never marry any man but Eberhard Grun, because she can never love another as she loved him; and it may please God to make him worthy of her, because, as the Bible says, all things are possible with God!"

"Amen!" said the Professor, strangely affected.

The old woman went after her goat, which had now grown very wayward; and he pursued a solitary path which led deep into the wood, and which, in those far-distant days which the old woman had so sadly recalled, he and his beloved Ida had often trod together.

CHAPTER II.

THE tidings which the Professor had thus obtained left him in no state of mind to call on any of his old friends in Griefswald. He continued his journey into the north, even as far as Upsala, where, in the library of the old University, he added still more to his amazing amount of learning, and then returned to Tubingen, where he delivered his lectures as formerly.

The next thing that happened to him was, that he was appointed by government to take the Law Professor's chair in that still more famous University where we first found him. Hither he removed early in the year, and took up, as I told you, his quarters in the principal suite of rooms in that gloomy old house with the iron-barred windows and the grinning face over the gateway. His spare hours he spent in arranging and cataloguing his immense library, and the rest of the day in delivering his famous course of lectures, which very soon brought such an access of students to the University, that, with the tradespeople and the middle classes at large, who lived principally by accomodating students, as well as by all the young ladies who were thus provided with so many more agreeable partners at the public and private balls, he was considered quite a benefactor to the town, and, consequently very popular with every one.

There was something, however, peculiar in the Professor; everybody agreed in this; finding it, nevertheless, not difficult to be accounted for, because he was so very learned and all learned men are unlike common people; they had a right to be odd, and even disagreeable, if they chose. But disagreeable Professor Von Hoffman was not; he was only very grave, and had an anxious, self-absorbed look.

The truth was, though nobody knew it, he was very unhappy about poor Fraulein Ida, and could not get her sorrows out of his head. It is wonderful what a number of letters he wrote to all parts of Germany, to ascertain, if he could, whither she had betaken herself with her little orphan niece, or where this old Madame Bernhard lived who was aunt to the child's father. But he could obtain no satisfaction. Now and then, he fancied he was upon the right track; but when he came to pursue it farther, and he took many long journeys for this purpose, it always ended in disappointment.

Thus time wore on. He lived in a dream of hope and disappointment, busied over the endless arrangement of his books, and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, as he crossed the great University garden to his lectures. On summer afternoons the garden was full of people, who turned out from the surrounding houses. Ladies sat with their knitting on the various branches and under the trees; children played about, and the milk-women cut the grass for their cows. Everybody knew him him, but he knew nobody, took notice of nobody. "That is the way," said they, "with all these learned men; their eyes are turned inwards."

It must have been a very dull, unnatural sort of life for little Lina Von Hoffman, if she had no more cheerful person with her than her father, as he appeared to the world; but I assure you her life was by no means without its pleasures. In an evening she was with her father, and then came out something of the joy and affection which lived in his large, warm heart. Little Lina knew very well what a glorious and noble human being was her father, and to him she opened all her little heart. She showed him how her knitting progressed, and how many additional stiches she had done in her Berlin-wool work; but not a word did she say to him about those beautiful slippers which, soon after Midsummer, she had begun to work for him. Oh, no; not a word of them; they were a great secret in her heart, and were to remain so until they should be brought forth by the wonderful Christ-child at Christmas, who, she knew, from old experience, would then bring something very charming for her. Of these things Lina spoke to her father, but most of all she spoke of her little friend Sanchen, who lived at the end of the garden, in such pretty rooms, with her old great-aunt Goetzenberger, who was quite blind, yet such a cheerful old lady, and with aunt Ida who was just like an angel. Lina now knew what angels must be like; they must be like Sanchen's aunt Ida, if she had only wings. She wore such beautiful light silks; and she had such lovely hands, and such a beautiful face. Oh, there never was any lady that smiled as she did!

It was wonderful what pleasure our good Professor felt in hearing his darling Lina thus talking of her friends. There was an inexpressible charm to him in that sweet name of Ida. If it had not been for the old lady, and even aunt Ida, as he believed, being called Goetzenberger, he might, perhaps, have taken it into his head that this might be his own long-lost Ida. But he never did; and when little Lina saw him walking from his afternoon lectures across the garden, and ran to him saying, "There's aunt Ida!" he never even gave himself the trouble to look at her, but catching up the child in his arms carried her to the house with him. Aunt Ida, on her part, saw him only at a distance; there was something about him which painfully reminded her of an old long-lost lover, and for that very reason she purposely avoided meeting him. She did not wish to walk over the grave, as it were, of those buried feelings, on the death-like repose of which alone depended her own peace of mind.

Little Lina went very often to Frau Goetzenberger's. She found it much more cheerful there than at her own home. Her father's rooms were all lined with dark, old books, piles of which lay on the floor, and over which she was sure to tumble if she did not take great care; besides which, there was always such a smell of tobacco-smoke; for, like all learned Germans, he was a great smoker. "If I had a wife," said he to himself, "I should rarely smoke; but it is now my only amusement." So the rooms were full of a smoke-cloud, which circled about her father's head, and curled up into all the dark corners and into the vacant spaces on the shelves, and which filled the curtains and even her father's hair with a neverdying smell of tobacco. Very different were Frau Goetzenberger's rooms. All was light and cheerful there, and a fresh delicious odour seemed to pervade everything. The floor of the sitting room was of inlaid wood, which gave a very pretty effect, and a very beautiful carpet of needle-work, deeply fringed, was laid before each of the two sofas. On one of these two sofas always sat the old blind lady, in her rich black satin and large grey shawl. To look at her, nobody would have supposed her to be blind, for there was nothing unsightly or strange in the appearance of her eyes, and yet they could see no more than if they were stones. She appeared to be, and was really, very cheerful; had learned to go about their rooms by herself, the only difference between herself and other people being that she walked very slowly, feeling her way from point to point, and treading as softly as if her feet had been shod with velvet. She was always employed in knitting, and this prevented time from seeming long to her.

Ida, as little Lina often told her father, was like a gentle, lovely angel; not because she was so young and beautiful, but because she looked so pure and good. Aunt Ida, indeed, was no longer young; she was considerably turned thirty; was thin and pale; her countenance, to thoughtful observers, looking as if at some former time she had known great sorrow, though now her soul was bright and cheerful in the peace of resignation and faith in God. Her joy lay in the fulfilment of her duty, and this now was no longer painful. She surrounded the blind lady with objects of beauty; though they could not gladden her sight, still she said their influence was felt. Everything was elegant and pure. Beautiful flowers in pots stood in the windows, and gathered flowers in a glass vase stood over on the table, among cheerful spirited books, from which Ida read at least half the day. Sometimes she played exquisite pieces of music to her; and this the blind lady loved best of all, for Ida played divinely.

Lina often told her father about aunt Ida's playing, and at length one evening Barbet, their maid, accompanied her home, with a request from aunt Ida that the Professor would permit his little daughter to take in future her music-lesson with Sanchen, which would be such a pleasure to every one. The Professor could not object; he returned a message by Barbet which was satisfactory to all parties. "The Herr Professor Von Hoffman, was much honoured by the interest which the Fraulein Ida Goetzenberger took in his little daughter's progress in music, and that he should feel infinitely obliged if she would condescend to instruct her with her niece; and that the Herr Professor hoped before long to have the honour of thanking in person the Frau and Fraulein Goetzenberger for the kindness they had so long shown to his little daughter." Barbet was very clever in delivering verbal messages; she did not, therefore, omit or vary one word.

Ida smiled. "My name is not Goetzenberger," said she, "but that is of no moment." From that time little Lina took her lessons with Sanchen, and thus the best understanding grew up between the two families, the heads of which had never as yet spoken to each other. The little girl was much more at Frau Goetzenberger's than at her own home, and thus the Professor found his room more desolate than ever. "But never mind," said the good man, "she is much happier with our cheerful neighbours than she can be with me." He sighed and thought of that fair Ida who existed still, but not for him, and blew tremendous puffs of smoke out of his long, handsomely-painted pipe.

CHAPTER III.

It was now the autumn *Ferien*, and a letter came to the Professor which took him at once from home. A trusty friend of his had found in Konigsberg a Madame Bernhard and a Fraulein Ida Schmidt, who were living together. They seemed to answer the description of the persons he was in search of, more especially as Fraulien Schmidt, it was said, was from a northern university town. Off, therefore, set our good Professor, once more fondly hoping that she whom he had sought so long was at length found.—He set off at night, when his little Lina, who had spent the day at the good neighbours,' was in bed, and kissing her in her sleep, and leaving a note for Fraulein Ida, was a long way on his journey before she woke. The note, which little Lina presented next morning, was addressed, as the Professor believed correctly, to Fraulein Goetzenberger, and it said that the Professor Von Hoffman was suddenly called from home on business of great importance, and begged to commend his little Lina to the kind attentions of Fraulein Ida Goetzenberger during his absence.—Again aunt Ida smiled, and remarked that her name was not Goetzenberger, adding, however, that it was not of much importance; and she undertook the charge of little Lina with a right good will. The Professor had written his note in great haste, and it was such an almost unintelligible scrawl as scarcely ever was seen; but there was, for all that, a something in the handwriting which made our dear Ida look at it again and again. "There is a something about it that reminds me of a handwriting that was very dear to me many years ago," sighed she to herself, "but all learned men, to a certain degree, write alike," and she put the note into her work box.

Little Lina was as welcome as day-light. "It is such an excellent thing," Ida said, "for Sanchen to have a companion of her own age, and besides, little Lina is a very loveable child; there is a somthing about her which has taken strange hold of my heart;" and so saying, she once more took the note from her work box and read it through, though there was nothing more to puzzle out in it. I can hardly tell why she did so, yet it is a fact nevertheless.

"I am to be your child while papa is away," said little Lina, throwing her arms round aunt Ida's neck; "I wish you were my mamma, I love you so dearly!"

Poor Ida! the letter, or rather the recollections that it called up, and the words of the child, stirred her heart very strangely. She clasped the little one in her arms, kissed her with tender emotion, and said that from that time she should call her aunt Ida as little Sanchen did, and they should be two sisters.

The poor Professor had a fruitless journey, and all that long, long way to Konigsberg; he travelled night and day to find, once more, a disappointment. The Fraulein Ida Schmidt was, he found, older than himself, and the Madame Bernhard was her neice.—It was a mistake altogether, and a sad disappointment to the poor Professor, who immediately leaving Konigsberg made another long journey to Carlsbad, where he determined to spend the autumn *Ferien*.—In the meantime, all was as happy as could be at the house of Frau Goetzenberger. The children's lessons were joyful amusements; they played together the sweetest little duets; they sang with aunt Ida, and they danced while she played. They wore, at the same time, their white frocks, and their pink frocks, they called each other sister, and they lived as if the relationship had been real.

The days had shortened greatly before the Professor returned, and during the long evenings Frau Goetzenberger many a time spoke of her Christmas tree, and of the marvellous things which the Christ-child would lay beneath it. Little Lina had finished the slippers for her papa, and Sanchen was working him a cover for his queer oil-skin tobacco-bag, while Lina threaded steel beads on dark blue netting silk, for the beautiful purse which aunt Ida had begun to knit for him. She had at once before, many years ago, knitted such a purse for that very student Eberhard, of whom she retained such tender, yet painful recollections. The note which the Professor Von Hoffman had sent her about his little Lina must indeed have had a strange effect upon her, for it was the sight of that very note which had determined her to make just such another purse for him. She was now therefore knitting it, while little Lina threaded the beads, and Sanchen worked the tobacco-bag.

When the children were gone to bed, the purse was put aside, and so was Frau Goetzenberger's usual knitting, and out came two beautiful pieces of wool knitting, which were destined in the end to become two pretty little jackets of sky-blue, with white borders, as Christmas presents from Frau Goetzenberger to the two little girls. Ida helped her therefore at night; she did all the difficult parts, and thus the work went on, both with rapidity and accuracy.

The Professor returned just in time for the commencement of the winter session, or *Semester*, as it is called. The number of students was now much greater than ever, and the Professor, who had been studying hard at Carlsbad, in order to add new matter to his lectures, was consequently more than ordinarily busy. He had not even time to call on his good neighbours to thank them for the care they had taken of his Lina, and he thought her greatly improved during his absence. He sent, however, once more a verbal message by his old servant, Gretchen, to thank them, and to say that as early as possible he would call.

Lina, who found her home very dull in comparison with her little friend Sanchen's, was but seldom with her father, whose time, as I have said before, would be, until Christmas, so very much occupied. Little Sanchen sometimes went home with Lina, but the grave looks of the Professor rather frightened her; besides, having lived all her life with ladies, she had not been used to tobacco-smoke, which she greatly disliked; therefore Lina, in order that she might enjoy her society, spent most of her evenings still at Frau Goetzenberger's. The two ladies, Frau Goetzenberger and Fraulein Ida, knew enough of learned professors to be quite sure that no slight was intended them, although Professor Von Hoffman did not call. They were by no means exacting, and they thought that he had done all that could be required from so learned and so celebrated a man, whose time was more valuable than gold, when he had sent them a polite message of thanks, by Gretchen.

CHAPTER IV.

At length Christmas was at hand, when the Professor's labours were remitted for a time, and when, learned as he was, he knew that it was his duty, as well as everybody else's to have a Chritsmas tree, and to make a present to every one, rich or poor, whom he either loved or respected, or to whom he was under an obligation of gratitude. All these things, learned man as he was, he took into consideration. If, thought he to himself, I had found my Ida Schmidt at Konigsberg, I should have laid out a hundred florins, at the least, in a Christmas present for her; but alas! such good luck was not for me. The hundred florins, as far as she is concerned, still remains in my purse. I must, however, make those good ladies, Frau and Fraulein Goetzenberger, a handsome present, because they have been so good to Lina. Poor dear, little Lina! what a blessing it would have been to her had I but found my Ida; but it is no use lamenting. The day after to morrow is Christmas eve; there is therefore no time to lose. I must have a Christmas tree in my dull room for Lina; she shall find beneath it not only a present for herself, but also for her kind friends and I will take her in myself to present them. I have too long neglected to call on them to return them my thanks. If they ask me to stop and eat a little salad and sausage that night, and to drink good wishes to them in a glass of wine, I will do so; that will be much better than stopping here by myself.

With these thoughts, out came the professor's purse—a purse for all the world just like that which Ida was finishing at that very moment for him. He looked at the purse and sighed. Why did he sigh, for it was by no means an empty purse? He thought to himself, as he looked at it, "This purse is many years old. I have kept it carefully, and never used it until I set out on that luckless journey to Konigsberg for I thought, if it should be my Ida, I would prove to her by the purse, which I had treasured so long, how much I had valued her gift!" and again the professor sighed.

But sighing would not buy either his Christmas tree or the presents for his Lina's friends. He bethought himself, and soon decided that he would buy some splendid furs for the ladies. This was always acceptable.

For Fraulein Ida he would buy ermine, and for the old lady sable. He would purchase the best that money could buy, and to the children he would be as good a benefactor as if he were a fairy godfather, if there ever were such beings. He filled both ends of his purse. I cannot tell you how much money he put into it: and, throwing round him his large fur-collared blue cloak, and putting on his over-shoes, he set off into the town, where he made such astonishing purchases as put every shop-keeper into good humour for a week. He bought also an enormous Christmas tree, standing in its green garden, with sugar sweetmeats innumerable, and all were received safely into the house by ten o'clock, which, in that old-fashioned town, was a late hour.

On the morning before Christmas Day, Frau Goetzenberger sent over her old servant Barbet with her compliments, and she begged that the Herr Baron Von Hoffman would do her the honour to bring in his little Lina at 5 o'clock to see her Christmas tree, and afterwards to eat a little salad and sausage, and to drink a glass of wine with her and Fraulein Ida.

The Professor hesitated to reply, "He was intending," he said, "to have a Christmas tree at home for his little Lina, and would have invited the ladies to his rooms, but that he could not think of bringing them out at night." He therefore returned his compliments by Barbet, and begged that Frau Goetzenberger would oblige him by deferring her Christmas tree for half an hour; and still further, would she permit her little grand-niece Sanchen to come over and see what the good Christ-child might bring, after which he would have the pleasure of accompanying the two children to Frau Goetzenberger's and would feel much honour in partaking of supper with her and Fraulein Ida.

Again Barbet crossed the garden to assure the Herr Professor that nothing could be more satisfactory than this arrangement

Very busy was the good Professor all that morning in his library, the door of which was locked, so that Lina, had she been disposed, could not even have peeped in. He had a deal to be about his Christmas tree, and often and often did he wish that he had but some skilful female fingers to aid him. How he managed it all by himself I really cannot say; however, at half-past four o'clock, little Sanchen was brought over in a new pale silk frock, with black satin shoes on, and little black silk mits, and with her lovely flaxen hair plaited like a crown round her head, and conducted into the Professor's sitting-room, which looked very gloomy, with its black stove, and one lamp, with a blue shade over it. Here, however, she was rapturously received by Lina, likewise dressed in a new pink silk frock, with her little black satin slippers on, and little black silk mits, and with her dark hair plaited just like Sanchen's.

The next moment a little bell was heard to ring, which the children knew to be *Christkindchen's*, and the door between the library and sitting-room opened, and there was a sight for them! Such a blaze of light! such a Christmas tree! all hung over with beautiful things—dolls, work-boxes, and cakes, and sugar-birds, and dogs, and milk-maids, and Tyrolean shepherds, tippets, of ermine and sable! But these could not be either for Lina or Sanchen.

"No," the Professor said, his countenance beaming with joy, (Sanchen was no longer afraid of him,) as he eyed the two lovely children who stood so beautifully hand in hand before him; "no, those fur tippets and muffs the Christkindchen had told him were for Frau Goetzenberger and Fräulein Ida."

Sanchen clapped her hands for joy, because aunt Ida had wished for an ermine tippet, and the great-aunt Goetzenberger loved to be warm. But where was the good Christkindchen that had brought these beautiful things?

The Professor smiled, and said that Christkindchen was in such a hurry to be off for Frau Goetzenberger's, that she would not stop to say where the things came from. Lina flung her arms round her father's neck and kissed him. She knew, she said, where the things had come from, for Gretchen had told her something. She loved her father dearly, because it was *he* who had bought those nice warm things for Fraulien Ida and Frau Goetzenberger, and he had bought things for other people, beside! The good papa! he had not forgotten old Martin, who lived in the court below, and had such a bad leg; nor Gretchen, nor Barbet, nor the poor milk-woman and all her children, nor the shoemaker who was ill.

Certainly the good Professor must have had an excellent, thoughtful heart, thus to remember everybody! I assure you he had. Little Sanchen kissed him, and thought nothing about the tobacco smoke. But now it was half past five, and Barbet was come to carry Sanchen across the snowy garden; the Professor was to carry Lina. They set out, accompanied by Gretchen with a lantern in one hand and a basket in the other, containing the gifts which had been left by Christkindchen under the Professor's tree for Frau Goetzenberger and her household.

While the Professor took off his cloak and over-shoes, the children rushed in, having easily slipped out of the large shawls in which they were wrapped to tell of the wonderful things that had happenned and of the wonderful things they had brought; but there was no aunt Ida to listen to them. Frau Goetzenberger sat, all dressed in her best, on her sofa, with a green shaded lamp before her, and with no knitting in her hands. But where was aunt Ida?—She was gone, the old lady said, to receive the Christkindchen, who was every moment expected. They must sit down and wait patiently; good little children always did so.

"But aunt," said Sanchen, "Here is the Herr Professor."

"Ah, indeed!" returned the old lady in quite another voice, for, from being blind, she was not aware that he had approached the table before her. "Bring him here to me, my dear; I am truly glad to see the Herr Professor."

He took her hand kindly, and seated himself beside her. There was something inexpressibly attractive to him in all that he saw around him; he felt his heart drawn, as it were, to the old blind lady, as if she had been his mother, and he spake words of unfeigned kindness in a voice which went equally to her heart.

She apologised that Ida was not present to receive him; she had, said she, much to do on an occasion of that kind, as the Herr Professor no doubt knew. Of course he knew perfectly well; the Christkindchen must always be well received; he feared that he himself had not done her all due honour, for she was in so great hurry to depart that the little ones had not seen even the shimmering of her wings.

"But we saw what she left," said Sanchen, heaping the beautiful furs on the table before the old lady; "feel what she brought for you;" and taking up her hand, she passed it over the fur; "she brought you a sable muff and tippet, and the same for aunt Ida, only ermine!"

"My dear!" remonstrated aunt Goetzenberger, "this is too much! Christkindchen does not bring such presents as these!"

"But my papa does!" said little Lina, and I am so glad, and I love him so for it!" said she, springing to his knee and kissing him."

"This is quite too much, Herr Professor," said the old lady, turning to him.

He made no reply, for at that very moment a little silver bell rang, and a sight presented itself which dazzled all eyes. The Professor's tree with all his skill, was nothing to this. How, indeed, could it have been? This was all arranged by Fraulein Ida herself, and there was nobody in all Germany who could make these things so beautiful as she.

But where was Fraulein Ida all this time? The children hardly thought of her, so wholly was their attention occupied by the wonderful tree, with all its wonderful fruits, and by the lovely Christkindchen herself, who, in soft, flowing white muslin which fell in folds to her feet, and was confined at the waist by a silver girdle, stood in front of her tree. She had silvery, shining wings on her shoulders and a little silver crown on her head. Never was a more beautiful figure beheld. She looked like a pure angel just descended from heaven. The children stood in the open doorway, with their hands extended and their eyes fixed in delightful wonder. Dear old Frau Goetzenberger saw nothing, or certainly she would have observed the extraordinary effect which this vision produced on the Herr Professor.

Christkindchen spoke; her words were in poetry—beautiful, softly-flowing poetry, full of tenderness and love. The professor had silently risen, and now stood in the shadow of the long curtain which was withdrawn from the door; for he did not dare to trust himself within the light. Very powerful was that effect of the low, sweet voice upon him; he had known one like it in former years; and did not, in truth, his long-lost and beloved Ida now stand before him! Oh, what a divine gift has not the Christkindchen brought him! I assure you that the Professor, standing there in the shade of that curtain, shed tears of joy. "God, perhaps, deems me at length deserving of her!" thought he, remembering the words of the old woman at Greifswald, and he silently thanked God.

"But where is the Herr Professor?" at length exclaimed Christkindchen, when now, having concluded her poetical address, she proceeded to appropriate her gifts. "Let him come forward, for here I find a beautiful pair of slippers from his little daughter, every stich being done by her tiny fingers; I have also a purse knitted with beads of steel upon a dark blue ground, to represent the stars of heaven on Christmas Eve: this is from a lady who wishes well to the excellent Herr Professor.

The Herr Professor stepped forward. He said not a word, but advancing to Christkindchen, took her hand in his and whispered softly, "My Ida!" All at once Christkindchen's other hand dropped powerless to her side and she lay motionless in the Professor's arms. He carried her to the unoccupied sofa, speaking words of the utmost tenderness; the children began to cry; poor blind Frau Goetzenberger rose up, felt her way round her table, and, advancing forward, exclaimed, "What has happened?" Oh, Ida—Ida! speak my child, thou art ill? Do somebody, tell me what has happened!" repeated she in impatient terror.

"Papa has kissed her" She is better now," exclaimed little Lina, still sobbing.

Ida raised herself from the sofa, and leaned her head, weeping, on the Professor's shoulder. He kissed her hands and her forehead many times, and then, as poor old Frau Goetzenberger still impatiently inquired what had happened, he turned round and said, "I have found her whom I have sought for years—the betrothed of my youth! Pardon me, madam, if I have forgotten myself—pardon me, Ida, if I have been too abrupt!"

"Oh, Eberhard!" said Ida, rising, "how is this? But take off all this finery first which is not real—these wings and this crown: let me not find anything unreal at this moment. And you Eberhard! how can you be Herr von Hoffman?"

He explained it in a few words. "And you?" said he, "you are called Ida Goetzenberger—how is that?"

"Nobody calls me so but you," she replied, smiling, "I am Ida Schmidt."

"But I understood," said he, "my Ida lived with Madame Bernhard."

"My maiden name was Berhard," said the old lady, who now understood it all, for she knew the history of Ida's early love; my nephew it was who married Ida's sister. I am not aunt to Ida, but only great-aunt to Sanchen, but they are both my children. Ida is dear to me as a daughter; she has been a daughter to me" and the blind eyes of the dear old lady shed tears.

The Professor told the history of his many fruitless journeys in search of her who was so near to him after all. In a while they all laughed together.

Together they walked to the yet brilliant Christmas tree; they looked at the various presents; he took up the new purse and compared it with the old one. Ida saw how her present, given so many years ago, had been treasured. The children sat one on each of the Professor's knees, and he told Sanchen that he should like to be her uncle, and he told Lina he hoped aunt Ida would soon be her mother. The old lady sat by and smiled for she saw it all, although not with the outward sight; and she blessed God that he had given so much happiness to those who were so dear to her.

The Professor ate his sausage and sallad with Frau Goetzenberger that night, and so he did every night until early in May, when, having made his own habitation very neat and cheerful, arranged all his books by the help of a poor student, whom he paid handsomely, and furnished, in beautiful style, several new rooms, Ida became his wife; and Frau Goetzenberger, and little Sanchen, and old Barbet moved across the University garden, and took up their abode with their new relative, in the great old house with the grinning face over the gateway.

That same summer an operation was performed on the eyes of Frau Goetzenberger by a famous occulist, a friend of the Professor, and she fully regained her sight; and in the autumn they all spent the hollidays on little Lina's splendid property in the beautiful Saxon Switzerland, the Professor at the request of Ida, having secured it to his little daughter, in right of her deceased mother, retaining only for himself its income during her minority.

Such is the history of the wonderful occurrences on Frau Goetzenberger's last Christmas Eve—*Ladies' Companion.*

"THEREBY HANGS A TALE."

CINCINNATI, Sept. 9, 1851.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

You will very much oblige two or three constant readers of the *Post* in this city, by asking your correspondent, "Friar Lubin," who was the father of the phrase "Thereby hangs a tale," and whether it is, or is not, of Shaksperian origin. We have agreed to refer the question to the Friar, and to abide his decision of the latter point, upon which a small wager is pending. We shall look for his answer in the *Evening Post*, if you should feel inclined to give it room, otherwise by mail, addressed to

Your obedient servant, &c.

We transmitted the preceding note to "Friar Lubin," soon after it reached us, and have received from him the following reply:

SEPTEMBER 15, 1851.

GENTLEMEN: I presume the phrase about which you inquire, originated with Shakspeare. It first occurs, so far as I know, in the 1st scene of the 4th act of "Taming of the Shrew," where Petruchio first brings Catherine to his country place. Grumio, who precedes them to see that all is ready, is asked by Curtis what news he brought.

GRUMIO. First know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.
CURTIS. How?
GRUMIO. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and *thereby hangs a tale.*
CURTIS. Let's ha't, good Grumio.
GRUMIO. Lend thine ear.
CURTIS. Here.
GRUMIO. There. (Striking him.)
CURTIS. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.
GRUMIO. Therefore it is called a sensible tale, &c.

The same phrase also occurs in Sir John Suckling's witty "Ballad Upon a Wedding":

"The maid, and *thereby hangs a tale,*
For such a maid, no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice."

As Suckling does not quote the phrase, which, indeed, never was worth quoting, he evidently did not suppose that he was borrowing, and perhaps he was not, but as he was but seven years old when Shakspeare died, it is safe to say that the "Taming of the Shrew" was written before the "Ballad on the Wedding," albeit young Suckling is renowned for having read Latin in his fifth and spoken it freely in his seventh year. I therefore decide, as it is my decision that you ask, that the phrase is of Shakesperian origin, though I am unwilling to say that it was not also original with Suckling.

FRIAR LUBIN.

—Had our correspondent looked farther, he might have found the phrase inquired about more than once in Shakspeare, with whom it seems to have been something of a favourite. In the 4th scene of the second act of "As You Like It," the melancholy Jacques says, quoting from the clown:

——"It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after an hour more it will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And *thereby hangs a tale.*"

Again, in Othello, the same phrase, phonetically speaking, occurs, though a different kind of *tail* is referred to. In the 1st scene of the third act, present Cassio, musicians and clown, Cassio says:

Masters play here, I will content
Your pains, something that is brief; and bid—
Good morrow, general.

CLOWN. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?
FIRST MUSICIAN. How, sir, how!
CLOWN. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?
FIRST MUSICIAN. Ay, marry are they, sir.
CLOWN. O, *thereby hangs a tail.*
FIRST MUSICIAN. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?
CLOWN. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your instrument, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.
FIRST MUSICIAN. Well, we will not.
CLOWN. If you have any music that may not be heard to 't again: but as they say to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

Though the tail here referred to is of the kind Dr. Abernethy described when, in reply to some ladies who asked him what the *oc coccygis* was, he said, putting his fingers to his lips, "hush, thereby hangs a tail," it is nevertheless very obviously a play upon some cant phrase of the time, which was in every body's mouth, and probably may be found quite frequently in the literature of the first half of the seventeenth century. Friar Lubin is probably correct, however, in the impression that it was first made classical by Shakspeare.

As many of our readers may never have seen that most popular of all Suckling's poems, to which our correspondent refers, we place it before them to-day, in connection with the Friar's letter, omitting only such verses as are somewhat too free of tone for our columns:

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh! things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou knowest) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs,
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty, at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine)
Walked on before the rest;
Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
The king, God bless him, 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

* * * * * *

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid;
Yet by his leave for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Per chance, as did the maid.

The maid, and *thereby hangs a tale,*
For such a maid, no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

The finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay, on which they did bring;
It was too wide, a peck;
And to say truth (for out it must),
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

* * * * * *

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin;
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

* * * * * *

Pardon, oh me, how I run on;
There's that that would be thought upon
I trow, besides the bride;
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick, the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

* * * * * *

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths fast go round, and then the house
The brides came thick and thick;
And when it was named another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth;
And who could help it, Dick?

O' th' sudden, up they rise and dance,
Then sit again, and sigh and glance;
Then dance again and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know.
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.